



A special look at DINOSAURS

tories by

R.V. BRANHAM

DAVID J. SCHOW JOE LANSDALE

ana

RAY BRADBURY

WILLIAM STO MARK NELS

GEOFF DAR

ANNE RICE

ANNE RICE WILLIAM F. NOLAN





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From the publishers

MY—WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE!

If the great big type and the picture on the cover hasn't tipped you off, this issue features a skewed look at dinosaurs past, present and future. Next issue we return with our next favorite thing: Psychos We start our Serial Killer Serial—the Forgotten Heroes of Horor. Plus great fiction, interviews, a short course in brain transplants, and step-by-step instructions for creating your own nuclear wasteland. Till them—



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THIS ISSUE

HAT KILLED THE DINOSAURS?

A good publiciat would have declared 1989 the Year of the Dinnount: 17 new books about the great beasts, four comic books, several calendars, immunerable postern—our love for the mytha and facts of the great registies grows with time. Artists such as Bill Waterson (Calvin & Hobber) and Gary Lanesn have popularized every kid's inclination to daystern about maning through steaming, prehistoric jungles, listening for the sound of thunder.

This issue features fixtion and art that explores the outer control of our one going affeit, kicking off with an introduction by Oracy of our one going affeit, kicking off with an introduction by Part Bradbary from his belowed volume, Diseasur Fader. David J. Schow, winner of the 1988 World Fatensay award, follows with an hommage to Bradbary's classic story. Joe Lamedale makes his second appearance with an off-the-wall though and the star and N. Parasham debatus with "Diseasur Piliés." Also included: art by William Stoat, Mark Nelson and Tim Buraruda, amone others.

But there's plenty for you blood fiends—Anne Rice talks about vampires, Bill Nolan tells us a real ghost story, and we take a look at Horror's clichés...brrt'

-JH



From Beyond





IF THIS IS THE FACE OF HORROR WE'LL TAKE TWO

IN THE FLESH

R.C.

Matheson have solidified their deal for a collaborative horror script, Red Sleep, to be produced as a feature by John Landis. Though Garris has signed to write and direct Barker's In The Flesh, it may be postponed now that Red Sleep is on the boards, and Columbia Television has expreased an interest in Garris adapting and directing Robert R. McCammon's "Night Calls the Green Falcon" as a TV pilot for a proposed series.

R.I.P.

First Twilight Zone, then Horror Show, and now...Dept: R.S. Hadii regretfully informs us that Borderland Magazine is no more, citing insurmountable obstacles. We'll always miss another manazine with an attitude, and Bob's was one of the best and most literate. Pick un all the back issues...if you can find them.



THE STOKERS

Holy cow-has a year gone by? The Bram Stoker awards were presented for the second time last June at the Warwick Hotel in New York City-Thomas Harris' The Silence of the Lambs took the award for best novel over McCammon's Stinger. Anne Rice's Queen of the Damned, F. Paul Wilson's Black Wind, Joe Lansdale's The Drive In and Richard Laymon's Flesh. Strangely. Mr. Harris was not present to accept his award-busy counting his money for his best-seller, no doubt Joe Lansdale took short story honors for The Night They Missed the Horror

Show" in pal Dave Schow's anthology Silver Scream."

Best novelette went to "Orange is for Anguish, Blue for Insanity" by David Morrell (Prime Evil), while best first novel went to Kelly Wilde for The Suiting (Tor). Best Collection went to Charles

Beaumont: Selected Tales (Dark Lifetime achievement awards went to

Ray Bradbury and Donald Chetwynd-Hayes. Bradbury also received a Grandmaster Nebula this year. The awards move to Rhode Island next year. noted past prez Charles L. Grant. The Stoker Awards remain a one-day event. though this year the event was besieged by 150 authors, editors, agents and other pros. Can Horror-Con be far behind?

AW SHUCKS, DEPT.

Harlan Ellison's story "Function of Dream Sleep," first published in Midnight Graffiti Nº 1, was the Locus poll winner for best novella. The story was also nominated for a Bram Stoker award, as well as the Hugo. We'd like to congratulate Harlan for his multiple. nominations-and we're pretty damproud to have published the story. Don that make us the magazine of good taste-or the magazine that tastes good? Can we put "Award Winning" all over the cover in big, gaudy type? Or should we be more subtle, and just put it on the ads? We appreciate your invest.

AROUND TOWN

Director William Friedkin returns to the Horror genre after a long absence (1973's brilliant Horror classic The Exorcist) to film The Guardian Filming wraps late September on this chiller centering on the trials of a young couple who must save their child from an evil presence. The sememplay is based on the 1927 novel The Nanny, by Dan Greenburg, "This is a realistic film about inexplicable things," says Friedkin. The film centers on the basic fears of any young couple who place their child in another's case. The Guardian stars Dwier Brown, Carey Lowell and Jenny Seagrove. Look for an early 1990 release.

The Outer Limits, L.A.'s newest SF/ Horror bookstore, hosted the Splat Pack the weekend of Anguer 26th Signing their various works were Richard C. Matheson, John Skipp, Craig Spector, David J. Schow and Mick Garris. Director Tobe Hooner and son William helped with the store's displays by lending original props from Texas Chainton Marracce II and Tobe's Intent film Spontaneous Combustion including Leatherface's apron and suit, the cornse remost from Chairstow II and various cleavers, knives and limbs from his cult films. Dropping by were Chainsaw III stars, Ken Force (Dawn of Dead) and the newest I eatherface P A Mibriloff



THEY'RE EVERYWHERE

FREDDY IS SVERTWHERE DEFT: How do you know when you've created a cultural icon? When good citizens who haven't even seen a Nightmare on Elm Street film. or episode of the T.V. series know who Freddy Kroeger is That's visibility (helf that's marketing and merchandising!). Two of the most entertaining plans: The opening of a Freddy House attraction at a major amusement park (no. it's not Unca-Walt's), and a proposed six for Freddy as the host of an installment of Saturday Night Live. Yesterday it was Superman. Tazzan, Micky Mouse, Today, Freddy, Tomorrow...do we begin to perceive a nottern bere?

Dave Schow can't get Le Gloved One cut of his life, either. First came an eleventh-hour request for a "dialogue rewrite" of A Niehtmare on Elm Street part 5: The Dream Child, during filming. "Pages were literally being messengered from my house to the set," Dave said. "The upside was that the exec producer read the new dialogue and was ecstatic, saying things like, 'I wish we could recast the film according to this dislogue!' The downside was that the loxes they'd already cast in the principle human roles were incapable of delivering the new dialogue on most of it's some Since the only real actor in these films is

Robert England, I'm hoping some of the revised Freddy disloone makes it to the final cut. Those are the lines an audience. will remember --- if they get a chance to hear them." A teaser trailer for the film (released August 11th) denicts Freddy's glove slasting up from the smoky depths of a hell pram. Yeo that's Dave's hand in the glove, "It was fun; we had a blade wiper on set, and a KY Jelly girl for the hell peam. It was shot by Jerry Olson, who directed my enisode of Freddy's Nightmares Which is how I wound up in the glove." Those cloves, incidentally, are manufactured by effects man Ryan Effner, one of the stars of Somtow Sucharitkul's The Laushine Dead. Effner notes that he made about twenty of the ployes for the TV series and averages about fourteen gloves per feature. New Line Cinema vetoed the ides of a limited edition "Robert England Signature Glove" - a Freddy collector's item limited to 100 at a cost of \$1000 each, which is still a better deal that My Pretty Pony.

While publication of the hardcover edition of Book of the Dead lagged behind the paperback release (Bantam), Mark Zeising is preparing to unleash not one, not two but three Ice Langdale short



story collections on the world. First up is By Bizarre Hands and the second has just been titled Git Back Satan. Joe is open to suggestions for the third title, and will probably ignore them.

On the other hand, dept: Watch out for the highballing fart issue of a new magazine, Iniquiñez, due citra New Year's and containing work by Dave Schow, Skipe & Spector, Chet Williamson, Melissu Mis Hall and others, continuing columns by Ed Bryant, Joe Lansdale and Bill Warren, and artwork by Tim Caldwell. Among others. Brave lads and Jassies, there now magaziners...

BODY COUNT

Just who were them zombies, anyway? dept. Midnight Graffiti is proud to be the first journal to accurately report who was who on the celebrity Zombie & Copper outer of Somotow Stochartikul? a film The Laughing Dead — a slate that has been misreported in print more times than we have competitors.

Apart from featuring Sentow and Tim Sullivan (editor of Tropical Chills) in major roles, one standouf feature is the languid performance of Ed Bryant as a bos driver who gets his head squished. If you look fast you'll see Lydia Muzmo, founder of Dangerous Visions Bookstore, as the obliquitous "Attendate."

Here's the living dead roll call:

Zombie #1		
Zombie #2		
Zombie #3		
Zombie #4		
Zombie #5		
Zombie #6		
Zombie #7		
Corpse #1		
Corpse #2		
Corpse #3		
Corpse #4		



THE D.B. COOPER/H.P.
LOYECRAFT CONNECTION

SEATTLE - The FBI is not talking about the recently revealed theory that D.B. Cooper, who hijacked a Boeing 727 in 1971 and parachuted into mystery with

\$200,000 in \$20 bills, is really H.P. Lovecraft, who himself disappeared in 1936 when he supposedly "died." Upon being featured recently on the television show AMERICA'S MOST

WANTED as one of cinine's great unsolved cases, the police artist sketches of Cooper were flashed on the screen and Lovecards enthurisats across the nation beneighd the TV allow's anonymous hostline, claiming that the drawings of the influencial horizon are the spitting image of the influencial horizon dark finatesy in the 20th Century much as Poe did in the 19th Century

"Ya' know, Lovecraft wrote stories about traveling through time and space. Maybe they were more than just stories, huh?" remarked one researcher. A criminologist contacted by

Midnight Graffill compared the few existing pictures of Lovecraft with the police artist detection of Cooper and remarked that, "The resemblance is annazing. Note the shape of the face, the thin tips, the eyebrows, the same receding hairine and even the protrading ears. Why didn't be wear a mask when he

name and even the protrising cars.
Why didn't he wear a mask when he
committed the crime? Because he didn't
believe there was anyone alive who would
recognize him, that's why!"
When this story broke it was noted

that, coincidentally, 1971 was the same year that August William Derieth (who had spent many years working to publicize Lovecraft's writing in all its forms) died at the age of 62. Had Derieth perhaps tumbled to the truth upon exploring one of Lovecraft's old humts?

"I have heard that," said an unidentified investigator in the case, "But I also heard that Elvis is living in Detroit now. I put those two together."

REPOSSESSED

Just in time to beat the release of Exercist 1990 to the theaters next. Spring is the horror spoof, Repussassad. Starring Ledie (Haked gas) Nielsen as Fisher Nily Ledie (Haked gas) Nielsen as Fisher Nily Ledie (Haked Gas) Ledie (Haked Gas) of Father Merinh, he gets to vomit all over Linda Blair, who Bayra a previously possessed victim, complete with bizzers green makeup and all. Whether shar scarnal yearnings for a crucifix was not known at cress time.

Co-starring in the film are Ned Beatty and Lana. Schwab as Jim and Tammy Paye Bakker parodies who televise the exomism.

televise the exorcism.

The film is written and directed by Rob Logan.

DEPT. OF NAKED SELF-PROMOTION

Dinosaurs, Dinosaurs, Dinosaurs, It seems wherever you look today you see diposaurs, even in Midnight Grafitti of all places. Well, publisher/Co-Editor James Van Hise has contributed his own share to the proliferation in the Real Ghostbusters comic book. Van Hise has been writing the monthly comic book since it's first issue a year and a half ago, and in August and Sentember of this year, a two-part story appears in the book, in issues 15 and 16. featuring the Ghostbusters getting mixed up with warring factions of a race of intelligent, talking dinosaurs from the Earth's core. As if that's not enough, a followup to this story is slated to appear in issues 20 & 21 next year.

Dinosaurs, Dinosaurs, Dinosaurs,





HELLRAISER RAISES UP AT MARVEL COMICS

The pair of popular Hellvairer films are being spun off into a quarterly comic book series under the Epic Comics impeint at Marvel Comics. The first issue appears in October, 1989, and will be a full color, 64 page comic book issued in what has become known as the "bookshelf" format made popular by the

Dark Keight mistiserates in 1965. "Clive Barker is supervising the project and reading all of the stories being written for zerica;" and of the stories being written for zerica; "and of the broad-bed-ener. Chickerter, Sangel for D.C.), helped being Clive Barker to Marvel Comics. "Clive is giving inguist not deen to bring them under a constitute viewpoint, since it is his universe." Chickers added. Barker in oding an interobenion for the first time, and if this schedule allows, Clive may also or a foortistience, and of the incheming time, powerly a cover or a foortistience.

"Melhadar is no unthology hook and features arrange of foot notice per tions, all taking place within the name framework of this nuriverse that has reason as the part of the period of

While these stories are set specifically in the universe created by Barker's story "The Hellbound





HELLRAISER

HELLRA



PANELS FROM BERNIE WRIGHTSON'S "WARM RED."

Heart" and the two Hellraiser films, they are more than just stories about different people's experiences with the Lemarchand puzzle-bex.

"We've come up with a background for the Lemarchand box, who its creator was, why it was brought into being," Chichester explained. "And in the context of that we've also come up with other puzzles that were created in conjunction and prior to the Lemarchand box, and these puzzles were used throughout time by various people. These stories will not only get into what happens to them, but will also in some instances get into more depth with some of the Cenobites and some of the inner workings of Hell. We've done stories of individuals becoming Cenobites and what it takes to go through the process to become one of these demons, so we'll be dealing with that concept from the films. For the most part we're dealing with completely new characters, other than the Cenobites, but that doesn't stop someone in the future from picking up on something from the films, such as with the Frank character or with something else. But for now people have been much more interested in developing their own ideas."

The series was organized originally by both Chichestee and Arché Goodwin. They got together with Clive Barker and wrote up a set of guidelines which serves as a bible for the series. This was then ore out to tatists and writes who they thought would be interested in the material and it elicited a very sitront resource.

and April Geophe come lock twy controlated with some near, direnged intensity, the discussion of the some near, direnged intensity, the discussion of the strong element of the films and their very graphic, nature in dealing with gover and velocets, and Oxidoenter stated that the Hellenlater comic is also presty graphic. "I'd part is no part with the films to a large degree. We've definitely tried to keep true to the films became that a really our impriation. So in terms of the visuals and in terms of the disturbance level of the content, we've maintained a very list consistency. I think the only thing we've not really explored yet in the comic has been some of the more nade-sexual imagery that is in the films. But we are not disinclined to getting into were somehody to develop a story which bandled this well. We don't want the book to just become granulitous or be a kind of violence fest. That's not what we've out to do. We're much more interested in really creating a whole texture of a very disturbious universe."

This is not to be confused with D.C.'s HellBlazer. comic, which started publishing around the time the first Hellbudzer film was released and in fact had to undergo a quick title change prior to publication to avoid being in conflict with the previously trademarked title of the film. To avoid confusion, Marrel'a

comic book is titled Clive Barker's Hellraiser.
"I think from our cover design and the way our book looks, there is little chance of our becoming

confused with the John Constantine Hellbharer book."
But this is not going to be Marvel's only foray
into the forboding realm of the imagination of Clive
Barker. Two other major projects are already in the
works: adaptations of Barker's new film, Nighthreed,
and of the novel Worsewood's

"Marvel is doing an adaption of his new liftin, Nighthered, which will be coming out in February coinciding with the film's release. The first four issues of the Nighthered comic will adapt the film and will be written by John Wagner and Ahan Grant and albustrated by Jim Baikin. The title will then continue in new directions, extrapolating from the film itself but going off on its own. "We'r had no mattine toucher a three issue adapted."

tion of Wersworld which will be kicking into gear very acon and probably will be appearing late in 1990. It's being adapted by Eir Saltzgaber, a necesswister who Clive connected as up with. The project has just come together within the last couple weeks so we haven't yet decided on an at team, but that will be a

3-issue, 64 page bookshelf format editions.
"It was Archie Goodwin's idea to de Hellruiser as an anthology extrapolating things from the films and with that working out so well, Nightbreed developed out of that naturally. I bad suggested Weaveworld as the third part of the trilowy of Clive Barker projects at

Marvel."

Other Clive Barker comic book projects ongoing at other publishers include Tapping The Vein from Eclipse (roviewed elsewhere in this issue of Midnight Graffit) as well as an adaptation of "Rawbead Res", stated to appear late in 1990 drawn by Steve Bissette for Arcane Comis.

YOU COULD

AW SHUCKS II

Homordest '90 moves down the mountain to Dewer next May. Though organizer Ken Morgan Inovel last year's Starley Hotel Ioctation, the Easte Park site was a bit too remote for many folks. Nickanand 'Shirey Laves Congany,' Homordest will be three days of panels, vents and special guests. Appearing with writers Edmand Brysan, Chelicas, Other May and the control of the

So come and join us in Denver May 11.3 at the Holiday Inn and Convention Center. Bring your ideas, manuscripts, and money for drinks, tribes, etc. We 'II do lunch. For more information write: Horrorfest, P.O. Box 277652, Riverdale, ILL 60627-7652. For credit card memberships (only \$20.00 until March) and transportation deals call 1-800-798-2489 and ask for the Horrorfest desk.

The British Fantasy Society will once again host the 14th annual British Fantasy Convention at the Midland Hotel in Birmingham. Price Di Wather will welcome guests Thomas F. Monteleone, Brian Lumly and Stephen

For info, write: Fantasycon XIV, 15 Stanley Road, Morden, Surrey SM4 5DE, England. Say hi to Di.

Speaking of our friends on the U.K., if you have n't had a chance to check our Skeletow Crew the semi-prozine from Grim Resper Design, do so row. This small format time, published by Dave Hughes and Nick Belcher, features full-size interviews and Tiction with Britain's top writers. Lots of srt, chilling stories, ausbore profilers—the words. For me, and the profilers of the control of the contr

ONE MORE PLUG

One wild and witty newsletter we've just discovered is a must for Stephen King fans. Publisher Ray Rever met sent ne issue 5 of Castle Schlock, the 100% sodium-free Stephen King parody newsletter. The eight-page zine features crosswords, news bytes and a maniacal sense of humor. Castle Schlock reports on page 2: "New on your grocer's shelves in certain test markets Stephen Kings Scary-O's. A breakfast cereal for those of you who are not afraid to eat right!" And on Page 6: "Rarer than The Plant. More sought after than The Ganslinger. Mentioned in countless critical works. And available to the general reading public for the first time now! Stephen King's laundry list!" For more info and back issues, contact Dave Hinchenberger at the Overlook Connection, P.O. Box 526, Woodstock, GA 30188.

LITTLE DID THEY KNOW

You probably know by now that director David Cronenberg is featured as the sinister Dr. Decker in Clive Barker's latest cinemamuerte. Nighthreed. You may also have learned of the cameo appearances of John Skipp and Craig Spector in same. Terry Erdman tells us the film is now scheduled for release in February 1990; and Clive will be in the States to promote the film. Some additional pick-up shots were needed in narly August, forcing Clive to cancel a planned trip to the States. In L.A., a local nitery called "Bogart's" announced. on radio and in local papers that Clive was scheduled to appear in mid-August to read from recent works. However, Clive was reported to know nothing about this nightclub's plans. What was Boost's explanation? "It didn't work out the way we hoped." We guess that means someone forgot to ask Clive if it was O.K.

In the same spirit, we would like to announce that next issue will fee to announce that next issue will fee to announce that next issue will fee to an a.k.a. D.B. Cooper, in which he reveals that he used all the money he stole for reconstructive surgery and a new identity as L. Ron. Hubbard.



DAVID CRONENBERG IS DR. DECKER IN NIGHTBREED.



SIGN OF THE BEAST

I don't know. Call me an un hin outof-it-to-the-max dweeb, but I thought that the peace symbol had gone the way of hip-huggers and tie dyed tank toos (Grateful Dead concerts notwithstanding), I mean, Everybody I know storged wearing peace symbols about the same time Sammy Davis Jr. started doing his lawn-jockey bit at the Nixon White House with one dangling from his neck.

Well. I was wrong. According to my highly reliable fashion consultant-my friend Dave's thirteen year-old daughter. Alicia-kids all over the country are wearing peace symbols because they are "rad". Actually, she might have said "bad," she has a slight speech impediment caused by her braces. Anyway, Alicia knows about these kinds of things and she says everybody is wear ing peace symbols

I didn't have the beart to tell berabout Pasadrna, Texas.

In what appears to be the beginning of a districtwide ban, six schools in Pasadena, Texas have outlawed the peace symbol because officials are convinced that it is a sign of Devil worship, a fact beretofore known only by the John Birch Society and George F. Will. The recent occult killings of fifteen in Matamoros, Mexico somehow reinforced the Pasadena School Board's belief that the symbol is demonic.

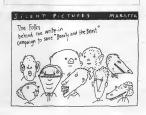
As a friend of American public education. I have written letters to members of the board, praising their courage and innovative leadership in the peverending struggle against Satan and his supporters. I also suggested that they look into the possibility of banning the flag of Texas, you know, the one with the his pentagram in the middle.



She doesn't like to talk about it, but for three weeks last April, Arkansan Cathy Barnes was held captive by five lizard-like beings from Outer Space and forced to become their LIFO Love-Slave. For twenty-two days she swept their node, been their young, and cheemd them up with her smile and up-beat personality. Then, without so much as a thank you or a souvenir, the operateful iguana-people beamed Miss Barnes back to ber Little Rock trailer park. "I don't like to talk about it no more 'cause people don't believe me. The think I'm making it all unon account of I don't have a picture of the saucer or nothin'," explained Cathy. DON'TLET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU! If you see

abducted by extraterrestrials, demand an affidavit, a photograph, or something that will substantiate your story. More than your credibility is at stake: \$10,000 and your freedom, to be exact

Philip Klass will pay ten big ones to anyone who can prove they were abducted by beings from another world. There's a bit of a catch, bowever, Klass, a retired senior editor of Aviation Week and Space Technology magazine, will pay the money only after the abductee has filed a kidnapping claim and the FBI has investigated and confirmed the report. But, if the Feds find the claim to be false, the perpetrator will face a \$10,000 fine and/or five years in a federal penitentiary for filling a fraudulent criminal complaint.



A CROW-BAR AND A PRAYER

Now here's a beadline you couldn't have missed if you tried-"GRANNY CAUGHT IN A DECK CHAIR FOR TWO DAYS." Even that serious-minded stallw art of the fourtherstate, the washington Fost, had to jump on this one. Pathos, terror and lawn furniture,

the atory had everything.
For these of yog just reterming from
your holdsig on Fluto, these are the
your holdsig on Fluto, these are the
yory deather. Eightly year-old Socichholm reidden, Brigis Llader, was wastioning in Malmo, Sweden when she
was mixed by a folding chair on he
beliow. Apparently, Mr. Luder was
eaching a few rays when the chair's
curvan seat gave may, and before she
tarwe it, her bottom was resting on the
terrace flow and beth here were upearing position for more than forty-rejett
hours, hidden by the transe carbonium.

Bad dreams and images of custommade caskets were starting to take their totl on our girl when a workman spot-

ted on our girl when a workman spotted her and called the police.

Though Brightescaped from her "deck chair of death" relatively unscathed with mild cases of debudration and shock

to Ms. Linder's dignity.

How would you feel if the world knew you had been bested by a beach

chair!

As a columnist for <u>Midulabt Graffiti</u>,
a magazine known to have the most
compositionate readership in this bemisphere, I appeal to you Let Brigit
Linder know that she is not adone.
Send your real-life lawn furniture
horror story ASAP to Brigit. Life threatcrine, blood bitter, or inst dain nativ-

water-on-the-notio, she needs your story

now. We will forward

mild cases of dehydration and shock, no one, it seems, has given any thought

> Meanwhile, a few bundred miles away, three month-old barn victina, Dexter Moore, was fighting for his life in an Indiana bospital ward. As Dexter lay suffering, his doctors put out an urgent call for the one thing that could save the infant's life. Strips

A VERY PERSONAL CIFT

This is a nice tale -- A little mucabre but nice.

Dennis Genz used to be fat, so he

Feeling like a scale model of his

former self, Dennis was delighted with

every bit of his new body, except one

troubling feature - a twenty pound flap of empty skin banging from his abdo-

went on a diet. A serious diet. He lost

Yep.
Mr. Genz had bis flap removed and donated the four square foet of flesh to Dexter's born ward, where physicians successfully grafted a portion thereof to

the little guy.

The bealth of a generous man and the life of a courageous baby. What a diet!

ANNDROID

She's had. She's beautiful. She's vinyl. Meet Anne Droid, crime fighting

mannequin. With a camera in her eye and a microphone up her none, Anne and her nutressikes stand guard against apparellifters in a steadily growing number of stores across America. Anne Droid Socurity Systems is the

Anne Droof Security Systems as the brainchild of former mannequin restorer, F. Jerry Gutierrez of Denver. "My wife and I were in a jewelery

store and they had a TV moeitor set up, but I couldn't find the earners," said gutierze. "then the jeweler showed me this tiny thing and I though, 'my god, that would fit in a mammequin."

Priced at about \$2,400, not including

monitors or timelapse VCRs, Ms. Droid is a bit more expensive than most surveillance systems, but Gutierrezand his partner, Ezic Freehling, believe she is worth it.

"It's got a perspective no other system has," explained Freehling. "And its hearing capability is extremly important because many shoplifters, working in pairs, actually discuss the theft while there're in the store."

Store owners seem to agree. As word about the new system spreads, orders are coming in so fast, Gutierrez and Freehling are baving a hard time keeping up with them. "One Denver companty ordered ten systems for one store," be asseed Freehling.

As a security-mad America shinks toward its Orwellian future, we can all breathe a little easier knowing that well-drossed Anne Droid is standing tall and silent in the boutique - her eye watching, her nose listening.



Got any headlines I might have missed? Send your stories to Russ Buchanan, cto Midnight Graffiti, 13101 Sudan Road, Poway, California 92604.

PREVIEW: THE DARK HALF AND OTHER FRACTIONS

BY TYSON BLUE

Will, resource's come and spore and the state of the stat

The hig news for the fall is, of course, the publication of *The Dark Half*, Stephen King is first new novel in neutry two years. Although King is much-publicated five year layoff from publishing new work has been shortened considerably, for most finas the wait has been long enough. In fact, one acquaintance of mine took lime a few weeks got that he was suffering from a heavy bout of Steehen Kine wildfarwal.

Susphun King withdrawal.

The Dark Half probability provide King fam with a sold fix for their entertainment borch. Like the two novels that protected in — The Tomosphene learn and protected in — The Tomosphene learn and the Other A word withing Halery —— the Other A word withing Halery —— the Other A word withing Halery —— the Other A word within the A word and in access writing videout thillies under the withing without the Half Resumence is a noveletic whole had a date and of ancess writing videout thillies under the most of the A word of

When circumstances force Beaumont to reveal and do away with the Stark pseudonym, a chain of events is set in motion which will link Beaumont to Stark in a novel and original turn on the classic Frankenstein tale. To say much more would roin the readers' enjoyment of what is certain to be one of King's best

novels, a relief to those readers who were dissposions by JPa Tonony-bacckers (and though, to be fair, it should be considered that TPa Tonony-bacckers was the last of the books King produced that year, was chied very fast under the supervision of two ositions, and underwent substantially more revision during that process than yor of the four that proceeds of the produced that year is not the process. The process was not to be a supervision during that process than yor of the four that proceeded is, including a sex-change for one of the two main characters.

It is obvious that some of the spath for The Dark Half came from King's experiences with pseudonymous writing in connection with his five Richard Bachman powels. In fact, the original draft of this novel was credited to both Stephen King and Richard Bachman, although at present, Bachman's help is acknowledged in an author? stote.

The book's cover features a bluish white skeletal face which is partially obscured by the orange tills lettering, which breaks away from the brand name, stylized Stephen King logo Viking has used for King novels since 1982's Different Seasons. It is currently scheduled to be published in November, and will testif for 521 05





At about the same time, Tor Books will release it! Hallowen bendliner, the long-awaited and eagerly enticipated second novel by Lisa W. Cantrell, whose first novel, The Manue, won the Bram Steker Award for Outstanding First Novel from the Horror Writers of America. Her new novel, The Ridge, proves that the performance the first

Stoker Award for Outstanding First Novel from the Horror Writers of America. Her new novel, The Ridge, proves that her performance the first time out was no fluke. The novel centers around The Ridge, a former monastery built on a narrow ridge of stone peojecting out into the sea off the Carolina coast, which has

the as not the Corolina coast, which has been serving as the benso of a femily, who are (liferally) polatized across the shall and ceiling as the story opens. Nek. Years, a tought-so established the shall be sh

cavem beneath the old chapel of The Ridge, and a group of rock musicians whose leader, Set, is trying to unraved the secret of a glowing stone in that cavem.

The most intriguing thing about The Ridge is Cantrell's skillful use of suspense in this povel. The only real action in the book comes at the very beginning and the very end. Most of Cantrell's time is spent detailing the characters' search for the secrets of The Ridge, doling out enough detail to keep readers going until the final revelation is made. Granted, there is a little maybem along the way, but by far the most outstanding thing about The Ridge is the remarkable gift Cantrell clearly has for building and maintaining reader suspense. It's a novel to look for, and a novelist to watch. Another up-and-coming novelist is

Another up and-coming novelsts it Rick Hautala, a Maine-based borror writer whose next novel, <u>Dead Voices</u>, should be coming from Warner Books late this year or early in 1990. Hautala has been gathering steam teedily since the publication of his third book, *Night* Stone, a few years back, and his new book is easily the best to date.

Dead Voices is the story of Elizabeth Myers, a young woman who returns to her hometown in Western Maine to escape her crumbling marriage and her confused feelings about the death of her daughter about a year before.

Instead, she is plunged into a ground mecromancy in a bone-chilling tale of horror which centers around the cerie possibilities of speaking with the dead. Several methods for doing this are explored by Hustala in the novel, all of them depicted with an authenticity of detail which shows the care with which has meanted it in metricil.

Hustala was a student at the University of Maine at Ormo at the same time as Stephen King, which may explain why he hits many of the same makes as King in his work. It is well worth the trouble to chase down his six previous novels, all paperback originals and all still in print. And to keep an eye peeled for Dead Voices, which might well be Hautila's Pet Semantary.



IF THOSAURS HAD SURVIVED .

"I may have gone too far with this con." Huntah a told on recently 1, don't think no, but then I thought Book of the boat paid on the boat paid on the boat paid on the boat paid on this trye of thing. Perhaps the most telling meant L can make about Doad Vaices is this: about three-quarters of the way through the manuscript, and galley copy of The Dark Half." And even though I was dying to jump right incomply have drying to jump right inchungh I was drying to jump right inchungh I was drying to jump right fraith the Hantah's two the hold until I finished. I

Hautala's book on hold until I finished. I bad to keep reading it until I finished. It's that seed.

Dean R, Koontz also has a new novel in the works, now slated for January 1990 publication. Entitled The Bad Place, it promises to be more or a horror-oriented novel than some recent Koontz novels, which have had a strong science-fiction slant.

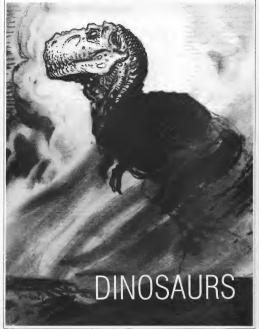
The Bad P lace is so tin Orange County, California, Koontz' own stronging grounds, and is the story of the Dakotas, a couple of private eyes who take on the challenge of their careers and get more than they burgained for. Kootz han't given out many details about the book yet — he's a man who likes to play his hand close to the chest — But he has stated that he feels that the villain of the novel is perhaps the best and scariest he has cooked up since the psychopathic killer of his classic novel Whitpers. We can only hope he's right.

There's some action on the film front in the fearcast as well: Castle Rock Entertainment is in the preproduction stages on their upcoming film version of Stephen King's Misery. Not much information is available as yet—it's still very early in the process—but here is what we do know.

Rob Reiner, who directed Stand By Me, which most people consider the best King film ever, in scheduled to direct the lists, from a screeplay by William Goldman, who has written the scripts for such classics as Marathon Men, Butch Cassisly and the Simdance Kid and Reiser's proceedings of Goldman's own novel The Princess Bride. King, who has read an early dark of the screenplay, was

reportedly quite impressed with it.

There is no word yet on either casting or locations for the film, but keep watching this space and we'll keep you posted.



14-MIDNIGHT GRAFFITI

Art by William Stout © 1989

INTRODUCTION

At dinner one night, some years ago, someone asked each of us to name, in order of importance, our Most Favorite Subjects in All the History of the World!

"Dinosaurs!" I cried. Followed swiftly by, "Egypt. Tutankhamen. Mummies!"

To bulwark my selections, I recounted a short tale about my own life as a twelve-pear-toll genius-in-the-hud. Telling my fitneds I was off for life as a radio actor, I trotted down to the local station in Tuscon, Arizona, hung about friendless, rootless, emplying ashtrasys, running for Cokes, and exerting my own peculiar animal magnetism. Within two weeks, I wound up On The Air reading the comics to the kiddies every Saurday night. Payment for same?

Free tickets for King Kong and The Mummy.

I was the richest boy I ever knew.

For doing what I loved to do, how nice that God, and the station

BY RAY BRADBURY

manager, handed me passes to rub elbows with prehistoric monsters and dead Egyptjan kings!

When I had finished saying all this, there was an instant revision of Lists at our table. Men and women, of all sizes, shapes, colors and ages, had to agree I had hit on Subjects Number One and Two.

But, especially One.

Dinosaurs.

For, as I put it to my friends:

"If, this very instant, a stranger rushed into this room crying, 'My God, there's a dinosaur outside!' what would you do?"

"Run out," everyone admitted, "and look!"

"Yes," I said, "even though you were absolutely sure it couldn't



be true. How come, though, you would leap and run like that?

Because you hoped for a miracle. In your secret heart of hearts you wanted brontosaurus, tame of course, to come back in the world.

"In fact." I added, turning to a television producer who had

In fact, I added, turning to a television producer win final asked me, earlier, what I would like to write for television, "if you gave me prime time, and a few dollars, there's nothing I'd write better than a show called Distantal's RossY. That was watched by only fifty or sixty million people. Our Dinosaurs would rampage the country and grab every eye. Please pass the pleranodoors.

Of course, nothing ever happened. I got everyone at dinner to admit they'd love to see such a television special, and the shard feeling was that dinosaurs were just about the greatest children of history, but the network executive never called back. I think he awoke the next morning blanning the wine.



18-MIDNIGHT GRAFFTIT

Art by Tim Burgard € 1989

I haven't as yet figured out what should be in third place. Could be the Moon. Or Mars. They almost make it. But Stegosaurus makes it Maybe because he's underfoot. We can see and touch and think on the bones that lie before us, along with the eggs, long since have touched one, and only our space-traveling cameras have eyed perhaps those worlds will crowd Tut and pterodactyl at the tape.



But as for now I accept the fact, and proclaim it quietly, that without dinosaurs my life would have been nothing at all. Dinosaurs started me on the track to becoming a writer. Dinosaurs helped push me along that track to acceptance. And a dinosaur who fell in love with the sound of a lighthouse foghorn in a story called "The Fog Horn," which I wrote and published in 1950, changed my life, my income, and my way of writing forever.

In this story, which was the basis for the film, The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms, I allowed my gathered love for such beasts to speak out; that drew the attention of John Huston in 1953. He read the tale and sympathized with the plight of a monster who took the melancholy cry of the foshorn for the mating call of yet another lost beast. Huston sensed the ghost of Melville in the whole, and called me in to write the screenplay of Moby Dick

What Huston sensed, of course, was not Melville but the influence of Shakespeare and the Bible on me. And since the Bible and Shakespeare vanked the White Whale full-blown from Melville's brow, it all ends the same. I got the job, wrote the script, and watched as Melville and his beast of prehistory settled into my life with vast tonnages and permanence.

So, you see, the dinosaurs that fell off the cliff in The Lost World, that ancient 1925 film, landed squarely on me, as did King Kong when I was twelve. Squashed magnificently flat, breathless for love. I floundered to my toy typewriter and spent the rest of my life dying of that unrequited love.

Along the way I met another young man, exactly my age, with exactly the same love, if not to say lust. For those prehistoric creatures paced his days, and stirred his nights. The young man's name was Ray Harryhausen. He was building, and animating with stop-motion 8mm film, a family of dinosaurs, in his backyard garage. I visited the family often, handled the beasts, talked for hours, many nights in many years, with my friend, and we agreed; he was to grow up and birth dinosaurs. I was to grow up and dialogue them. And it came to pass.

shared together. Not a great film, not even a very good one, but the start of two careers that finally took his motion pictures, his beasts, and my books, into some of the farthest corners of the world. Culminating with the night when I introduced Harryhausen at a special screening honoring him, at the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. As I finished my introduction, Fay Wray, the heroine of the 1933 version of King Kong,

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms was the first and only film we



ran out of the audience, grabbed and hugged us both, and put the capper on two lives that had started with simple direct loves in museums, movie houses, and garages, a long time ago.

Along the way, Harryhausen and I had to put up with a lot of fly-by-night, round-heeled, always opinionated and always wrong pardon-my-feet-on-the-table producers. I became so enraged with the way one of them treated Ray that I wrote the story "Tyrannosaums Rex." to restore my sanity

Right now is confession time. Some firity-odd years ago, Ray Harryhausen, my wife Maggiot attended a performance of Siegiried with the then eminent tenor Jussi Bjötling performing the tile role. We went, of course, not to see Siegiried, or to hear the music, which was of course glorious. We went to see "God bless our lost, sweet souls—Fafter, the Dragon.

realize, in admitting this, that Harryhausen and I will probably go on most opera lovers' lists as the coarsest, most unthinking, most damnable Stegfried attendees in history. I accept the damnation and live with the guil. Nevertheless, there we were, the three of us, in the lower feth hand side of the balcony, waiting for what seemed nine hours, and was probably only eight, for Fafner to appear.

appear.

He appeared all right. I saw an inch of his left nostril, Maggie saw one of his whiskers, and Harryhausen saw only the vast cloud of steam Fafner gave off in his brief "aria" before he vanished.

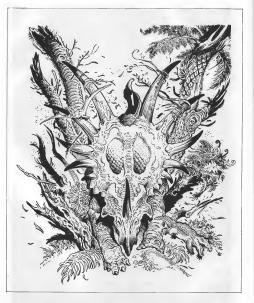
For, you see, our seats were so devilishly positioned, and the scenery onstage so cleverly built, that at least one-third of each audience never saw the brute clear. We were part of that one bereft third.

Stunned, Ray and I looked across my wife at each other. The long wait through the admittedly wondrous music was all for nothing.

Shortly thereafter, we beat a retreat to the foyer, and thence, defeated and disconsolate, home.

Heading west toward the sea, a great car passed us carrying, in the back seat, a dark-haired queen, Elizabeth Taylor.

She was no consolation.





David J. Schow makes his second appearance in Midnight Graffiti with the following time travel story, a tip of the hat to the grandaddy of such stories, Bradbury's "The Sound of Thunder."

KAMIKAZE BUTTERFLIES

HAT STORY. It'S A CROCK." ARENAS WAS BEING CON TRARY. "IT SUCKS."

"That story is still the reason you and I are here, assingle." Satch spat back. Literally spat: Flakes of beef spread and cracker spattered Arenas' com-

BAT VISIT. HE WAS BABEIGIESTED BENIATH, UNSCULAR, SWEATY.
TWO HOUSE THE, NOOM, AND ALEARY IT HAS BECOME HOT
ENOUGH TO SIZZLE THE BRAIN WITHIN ITS CROCKFOT OF SKULL,
WITH BOILING CEREBROSPISAL JULIE FOR BATHON. MASTERSON'S
TEMPHER KICKED PROX SISMMER TO FAR-BLACKINE, HE WAS IN NO
BLOODY MOOD. "SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU, LAMMASS, AND YOU,
HAPPICK, OR IS BOOT ME SOME BOXCAR CRAPS WITH YOUR TEETH."
THE THERAT WAS FRO FORMA; NOT MUCH SOUL BACKED IT UP. IT
WAS TOO HOT.

BY DAVID J. SCHOW

Arenas shifted back into his camp-complainer mode: "This ain't a military op, Sarge, so you don't really have any — " "That's why it's not an order, buttplug."

The bliching nover himg long in the sufficienting himsility. They were all deficient, invenceibly committed, just cours, he mistly-timpered and basies many enough to believe they were right, the surprised and basies many enough to believe they were right, the own sufficient to the sufficient to the sufficient to the suffered of the

always be the same.

The mory suggested that if you hopped into a time matchina, craitee backwork, and modelled with the macritume of past events, you could dirrupt in stero the world you had left. You could terminate a family line coses before in suncenter evolved to sentience. The seed family line coses before in suncenter evolved to sentience. The seed whole civilizations could be massed down to their skelactors and the whole civilizations could be massed down to their skelactors and the state of th

counting on that story being right.

containing on that skirely being right.

The Hersellinin shal been for would have been yet, which we here have been yet, which give her to me are river. And if you published against the current, all the way back to the mouth of the waterway, and pulling born boar and supplement ones the sheep, both you have district the purplement of the purplement of the purplement of the reliefer would actin for millions of yeters. You could be must be purplement of purpleme

You could get killed in back-time. Absolutely. But conventionally, and not thanks to a mean twist of plot.

McCullough had gotten killed, conventiocally, just this moming, and his measy dealth was what had Arenas burmend. Boyo was dammed near catatomic. Masterson noted that the men had reverted to calling him Sarge. It was something permanent, a reliable fallback in the jungle heat of what had been a one-sided war, until

this morning.

Beyo squatated near the coffee fire, his blond rag-cut stared stiff with dy shoot. Half of McCullough had dropped and pulsarend him, and three hours later he was still rigid and staring, eyes too wide and blinking too frequently. The few words he had spoken concerned McCullough. He worsheered alored whether the fluids of his partner's tissue, which now soulced his came futigues, consistend mercoreprissions that were still allow. Germs that might someday

microorganisms that were still alive. Germs that might someday evolve into a new McCullough.

They were all going to die on this mission. They knew it and it was no strain. McCullough, however, had been the run's first

casualty, and the way in which he had bitten the big one was spectacular.

Rather, Masterson thought morbidly, it was the way the big

Rather, Masterson thought morbidly, it was the way the big one had bitten McCullough . . . There were all sorts of special surprises they had not anticipated, despite primo recon. Like a Tyrannosuarus Rex coming at them from out of the trees, for example.

They had been hacking their own trail, staggered at threeyed unterwals, Sette whiling point. June part deam they speeds a brid of swan-necked Maissauers and massacred the indepost. France and Aureans and Bill protects the lambering regelles. "Deburge titres" was the expression Bill had coined for shooting out a legs discount's leg with m RVD. Blow the crea and the whole beant compiled them Boye had daven as mit of fifty-fifty from his surrounded the region of the stage of the stage of the stage of the seamed of the rely of all recessed. The neal was a wful.

Twenty klicks as the south the jurgle we how, communing underly excellar grains. That had been shaping sciencing, restricting, construct of one of Membour's half sended Luckies. The Humes had expelled as enter well-yolded good the "wide and deficilizing." The sended the sended has the sended of the sended of

Big reptiles could make the creepiest sounds when they died.

They sortied from breath to tropical thickets, where it was close and odors. The cancery of fromt method to block the sum not steam them showly in their togs, Blull and Statch managed to pick off worse planting, arrange protection, but any sixth from purch to covering falling, arrange protection, but along which from purch to the strength of the state of the state of the state of the state of the them wering finto trees and carer-bealing entitivated to some plots say between the state of the state of the state of the state of the creation with a twenty-two foot wintegran field up and creat off: cornect was preety council. They shall all the smits tereging for government was preety council. They shall all the smits tereging for some state of the state of the state of the Boys, who examped in brad flat and, laughing, mode mod of its groups brains.

All nine men paused to chuckle or ignite smokes when the whole enclosed atrium of jungle seemed to vibrate, which froze them all, cat-alert. McCullough looked up and found himself at ground zero of a widening shadow, just like Wile E. Coyote, eyes whitely visible in the abruht darkness caused by the Rex landing dead hone on his head. A tri-taloned foot the size of a Datsun mashed him the same way Boyo had danced on the twirly-bird. Nobody had foreseen a ton-plus of death roosting above them. Bushwhacked by a monster with barely a quart of brains. But hell, nobody had ever expected it to be such a virulent purple and yellow, either, and by the time the team could gaven at such wonderment and maybe wheel a LAWs rocket around to bear. McCallough had been gnashed in two. They all heard his ribs implode like cracking knuckles. Franco gut-shot it; dammed-up digestive gases sometimes made the beasts explode, and this one did, drenching everyone. Boyo did not intend to block any of the debris, but part of McCullough came whirling and hit with enough force to tear the flamethrowing rig from his back. It was the





half with the head, and when Boyo sat up and opened his eyes, there was that head in his lap, staring right back, the fluids that had made his buddy function now soaking his fatigues.

Out of the trees, thought Masterson, out of the goddamned trees,

JOURNAL OF MATTHEW KOPERNICK DATE (?)

No conqueres in Mistrey has even had the laxery of the perspective we experience cerup inne wall got another controllations life. The lesson of the story is that baselylate course. Worklaste lang can change lakery. Histophile, it is what determines a series of the latest latest

concept to astatin us.

One thing more: We are men, nothing less, but not gods or super-being. Should anyone ever dig up this journal and prove invelligent enough to fathom this language, that's the single feat we all wast made dismond clear: We sortied into our past and changed the billingh Bolche all around, but were men. Even with a purpose as heightened as we decided ours was, we could still die, and McCullouch did less a solder.

Sarge handed the journal back to Kopernick. "You think this is important for somebody to know?"
"Somebody should say something, that's all." Kopernick had taken to speaking in hourse whispers, like a man whose life was

on the wane in a movie.

"Fine. Sign it, seal it in one of the vacuum cannisters, and maybe a billion years from now something with tentacles and eyes on stalks will dig it up and go burnarus trying to decipher the meaning of the word fack."

of the wonly-lead of a phaston mile. "Yeah, Sounday, maybe." Kegmitch had been fine on who to much the both to veprize the time-travel lich things seconds after our departure. He'd always wared to beth to plent on indivimention, and driven one had chand them, Masterien assumed this pupyly had detonated for more than the plent of the plent of the mile than the safe of hand chand them, Masterien assumed this pupyly had detonated for miles and the safe of the safe of the safe of the safe of the McCulleagh had. They had grow-led and plended and, in mirrorous, demonstrated all the traits Omaga Term had more to object in a world of vimpy rollision, do-nothing artimistrations, breadbuttering lawyers, march this little, group governments and the low common decominants of the under adjusted and unprincipled, the copput and term one with a from hope, the compatible disease.

Arenas, Frank, and Mendoza began calling themselves the Terrible Trio, once Kopernick told from that the Greek revo tof the word dinosaur translated directly as "dire starrians," not "terrible lizards." The lizards were nothing in the terrible department, soc compared to them. They were armed, sentient men, and Greek was now a language that would never exist. What hey, victory.

The story went that the intensist soles, the soundiness puberization of a Sharryly's fargille body in the past, could grow, in the finite, so a thunderstook, a polyabil facodate of sound that we have been a substantial to the state of the

Stories could be rewritten. Authors die, tastes evolve, and all of a sudden some latter-day Mongol monarch decides recorded history should begin with him and razes entire cultures to sah and legend.

Technology has always existed to simplify ancient procedures. Just look at torture.

Frimo, crazy fuck, decided he wanted to tase spitted dinosaur meat. Masterson said it would make him sick. Franco told him that it tasted like rattlemake, only juicier. Then he diod, vomiting blood and little foamy hunks of his own guts.

Dinosaurs: 2. Omega Fram: 13,000+

With two mon poor, como cockinene wand. Fright and houselily took that etrus. Keymerick Melled in and ready pook to supron. Boyo's eyes stryed under the spell of McCullough's dead gaze, Sorth go pies and sink of a tracer under in this face. Boyo anger by blassing Sardo out of his combat boost. The giant mother day up the military grave and as the remnant. Arens and Mendock, the surviving two thirds of the Terrible Trio, ded together when they were searching for hill, who had goes into the forms to take a damp of the search of the trace of the forms to take a damp of the search of the

All I'd like to do now is stop, and hope our fight really means something, and go home. But of course I am home aiready, It's impossible to go back because all of time lies ahead. Like time, I can only march forward.

Like history, I can only spend my remaining hours waiting for that knife in the back.

As he was putting down the cumister along with Kopernick's corpse, something filtred past Masterson's sweating face. It was a large, glassine insect, much like a busterly, its cobweb wingwork splotshed with idiograms of color. It circled his head and lit on the grinned handle of the folding space. Masterson laughde, dently now, and let it live.

MIDNIGHT GRAFFITI-29



Art by Darryl Tutchon © 1989

DINOSAUR PLIÉS

AN INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Audition and Placement examinations for the Academy of Mesozoic Dance, First Year Forms. Applications are open to say dinsaur between two and six years of sage, and must be stamped by a parent (Biological parent only. No Guardians, except for Orphans or Parricides. If one has questions, one should wait until after the examination results are amounced.)

As with years past, we shall use Le Sacre Du Pritemps for ambience.

And may the better dinosaur rip the flesh of the lesser, figuratively speaking of course.

BY R.V. BRANHAM

ADOLESCENT DANCES

Will the Hadrosaurs—yes, all duckbills, please come to the bars as one's name is announced: Parasaurolophus, lambeosaurus, Saurolophus, Corythosaur.

— Please, Madame Maissaurus! One must either watch impartially or be asked to leave! We do not want to have to resort to calling in Officer Rex, now do we?

Excuse me, girls.

When I call out a position, it will be executed punctually
and without enquiry. Are we understood? Failure to follow
instructions accurately may result in immediate disqualification.

Okayl Now—matte, please! Girls: Demiplie, all positions, except the third. Very good, Wash-your heads, use the Second Position of the Head until wide otherwise. Meademakes the Lambonaurar, area on he reminded that one in not he helding a violin—? Wash those Positions onwerte, Mademoisells or Violin—? Wash those Positions onwerte, Mademoisells of the Matter of the Second Conference on the Advance. Prior Power derivens, followed by an Power deview. The second of the Matter of

DRESS REHEARSAL ABDUCTION

Who's responsible for this—?!

Who let those Heterodontosaurus in, the randy buggers—
17 Girls, come back! Where is Officer Rex when one needs him?

We might as well continue.... ROUNDS OF SPRING

Please come to the boar, yee, to the hard When your name is atmospaced. Now. Mr. Brombosterous—you changed your name to whate — To Ayamoster.—To Ayamoster.

The Ayamoster.*

The Ayamoster.

**The Ayamoste

Posses, young ladies and gentlemen. Keep a very wide distance between one's face and one's neighbor's tail. Speaking of tails, one must be very, very careful to control the motions of one's tail during the dance. It is the essence of the Dance.

Now! Five grand plies! Fair—not bad, not bad, not good, but not bad. At all times both Head and Tails in First Position. Very good, it shows pride. Positions soulevees, all of them—in no particular order. Improvise. Think cloud.

Better than one would expect. Interesting,

SUCCEDENCE IN A MERCHANDARY OF THE SUCCESSION OF

Everyone, being all applicants, to the bars! Strutching excessises! One may play, but no duals, no combat.

We, being your examiner and head of this Academy, will

take a brief break for evaluation considerations.

Again, behave. There will be monitors in our absence.

THE SAGACIOUS ELDER'S PUBLIC APPEARANCE

At this point in our Auditions, it is customary to wait for the Public Appearance of the Sagacious Elder, who founded this, the Academy of the Mesozoic Dance. But...

....The Elder never appears. Never has, in anybody's memory. But we are not barbarians. We wait. Sixty seconds of quiet meditation, please.

THE EARTH ADOPT

And what time is it? Is it time for our lunch break? Is it time yet?

EARTH DANCE

It is, I believe, time for our lunch break.

Let us reconvene these Auditions in one hour. Or so.

Let us now, then fall upon the Earth and feed our faces.

ANOTHER INTRODUCTION

Welcome back.

I am sure you have heard some remours— it being a smallish community—about my departure. Some of them have recarded the theft of some nees from the hatchery.

It is not true. And the parties responsible—we all know who they are—shall be hearing from my Solicitor. It is true, however, that we are retiring. But not departing

from this dear circle of friends.

I can tell, from your restraint, from your lack of response, that you are deeply moved. We are deeply moved. One must, we

suppose, show dignity.

This will be our last Audition together. Let us strive, together, to make it the best in living memory.

MYSTERIOUS ARCS AND SECANTS OF THE ADOLESCENTS

Oh, so our duckbills return, as supplicants, if these garlands indicate anything. We must suppose that one cannot be held to blaze when one is being parsased by plateous of paramours. But what, we must sak, are these arcs and secants upon the

But what, we must ask, are these ares and secants upon the floor of the Dance? Is there a significance or scular, occult—? Are they drawings of divinity or of delinquents?

GLORIFICATION OF THE CHOSEN CANDIDATE

But, girls —? You lay these garlands, these offerings, at my fee? It moves me to tears, to be so honored, and by those who will not even be my students (though I do indeed have a decision in their fates, as Students of the Dance).

CONTINUE THE ANCIENTS

It is now time, as tradition dictates, that we introduce our new Mistress. However, during lunch, she suggested a break with custom which would allow me a few more moments of glory.

I have gone over the examination results with our new Mistress, and selections have been made.

These selections will be announced later, at the banquet. To which all and sundry are invited. So let us, instead, have another sixty seconds of quiet

So let us, instead, have another sixty seconds of quiet meditation. If not the Elder, then perhaps one of the Ancients may return.

THE ANCIENTS' RITUAL

No Ancients. No Ritual.

Perhaps next year there should be a discussion among the Board regarding changing the format of these ceremonies.

SACRED DANCE. THE CHOSEN CANIDATE

Again, to the burs. I have decided to give you your first lesson. Why, some of you may sak, does one need the Dance? After all, it is instinctive with the dinosates. Yes and no, because yes you are born with basic technique and the vocabulary of the Dance, and no because you are primitive and surrefined, with no sense of munce or subdery.

Also, there is no place in the Dance for hamor, for japes, for purs. We heard that silly joke about us not being at the banquet, but being the banquet. Jokes about our weight are in bad form, and form is the essence of the Dance.

So, let us see some demipties—I feel like a Ringmaster, standing in these rings.

Demiplies, First and Second Positions—what's this?

Back to the Bars, everyone!

And would our audience be so kind as to return to their

Now. Heads and Tails erect, Proud! Do not bare your teeth It is rude to bare your teeth on the dance floor. It is a sort of scarlige and a definite act of agression! Do not wag your Tails—we-only do that when we are hungry. And have we not already had our hunch? Don't wag your tails—I Back, we say, Back.—I

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BOB THE DINOSAUR





DISNEYLAND

For a birthday present, Fred's wife, Karen, bought him a plastic, inflatable dinocaut—a Tyranosaurus Rex. It was in a cardboard box, and Fred thanked her and took the dinosaur downstains to his study and took it out of the box and spent twenty minutes taking deep breaks and blowing air into it.

mustice taking deep treates and tolowing air into it.

When the disonaur was inflated, he sait it in front of his bookshelves, and as a joke, got a mouse ear hat he had bought at Disneyland three years before, and put it on the disonaur's head and named it Bob.

Immediately, Bob wanted to go to Diansyland. There was no smiffing the ambition. He talked hour i might and day, and it got so the study was no place to visit, because Bob would become most unpleasant on the matter. He scrounged around downstairs at night, peaking the files, pinging the Mousiètente timen loud and long, walking up Fred and Kneen, and when Fred would come downstairs necessor with 80-9, bob would? I sitem. He wouldn't have a minute 5 are necessary with 80-9, bob wouldn't listen. He wouldn't have a minute 5 are seen with 80-9, bob wouldn't listen. He wouldn't have a minute 5 are seen with 80-9, bob wouldn't listen. He wouldn't have a minute 5 are seen with 80-9, bob wouldn't listen. He wouldn't have a minute 5 are seen with 80-9, bot wouldn't listen. He wouldn't have a minute 5 are seen with 80-9, bot wouldn't listen.

worth of it. No, sir, he by golly wanted to go to Distreyland.

Fred said to Karen, "You should have bought me a

Brontonaurus, or maybe a Stegasarus. I have a feeling they'd have
been easier to reason with."

Bob keps it up night and day, "Dianeyland, Disseyland, I want to see Mickey. I want to see Donald." It was like some kind of mantra, Bob said it so much. He even found some old brochures on Disneyland last Fred had stored in his clost, and Bob syread those out on the floor and by down near them and looked as the pictures and wagged his great tail and looked wistful.

"Disneyland," he would whisper. "I want to go to Disneyland."

And when he wasn't talking about it, he was mooning. He'd come up to breakfast and sit in two chairs at the table and store blankly into the syrup on his pareakes, possibly visualizing the Matterhom ride or Steeping Beauty's castle. It got so it was a painful

BY JOE LANSDALE

(For Jeff Banks)

thing to see. And Bob got mean. He chased the neighbor's dogs and tore open garbage sacks and fought with the kids on the bus and argued with his teachers sand took up slovenly habits, like throwing his used Kleenex on the floor of the study. There was no living with

that dinosaur. Finally, Fred had had enough, and one moming at breakfast, while Bob was staring into his pancakes, moving his fork through them lazily, but not really trying to eat them (and Fred had noticed that Bob had lost weight and looked as if he needed air). Fred

said, "Bob, we've decided that you may go to Disneyland." "What?" Bob said, serking his head up so fast his mouse hat flow off and his fork scraped across his plate with a sound like a

fingernail on a blackboard. "Really?" "Yes, but you must wait until school is out for the summer,

and you really have to act better." "Oh. I will. I will." Bob said.

Well now, Bob was one happy dinosaur. He quit throwing Kleenex down and bothering the dogs and the kids on the bus and his teachers, and in fact, he became a model citizen. His school grades

Finally, the big day came, and Fred and Karen bought Bob a suit of clothes and a nice John Deem can, but Bob would have nothing to do with the new duds. He were his mouse ear but and a sweatshirt he had bought at Goodwill with a faded nicture of Mickey Mouse on it with the words Disneyland inscribed above it. He even insisted on carrying a battered Disney lunchbox he had picked up at

the Salvation Army, but other than that, he was very cooperative. Fred gave Bob plenty of money and Karen gave hime some tips on how to eat a balanced meal daily, and then they drove him to the airport in the back of the pickup. Bob was so excited he could hardly sit still in the airport lounge, and when his seat section was called he gave Bob and Karen quick kisses and pushed in front of an old lady and darted onto the plane.

As the plane lifted into the sky, heading for California and Disneyland, Karen said, "he's so happy. Do you think he'll be all right by himself?"

"He's very mature," Fred said. "He has his hotel arrangements, plenty of money, a snack in his lunchbox and lots of common sense. He'll be all right."

At the end of the week, when it was time for Bob to return, Fred and Karen were not available to pick him up at the airport. They made arrangements with their next door neighbor, Sally, to do the job for them. When they got home, they could hear Bob playing

the stereo in the study, and they went down to see him. The music was loud and heavy metal and Bob had never listened to that sort of thing before. The room smelled of smoke, and not cigarettes. Bob was lying on the floor reading, and at first. Fred and Karen thought it was the Disney Brochures, but then they saw those wadded up in the trashcan by the door.

Bob was looking at a sirbe magazine and a reefer was hanging out of his mouth. Fred looked at Karen and Karen was clearly shaken

"Bob?" Fred said.

"Yeah." Bob said without looking up from the foldout, and his tone was surly.

"Did you enjoy Disneyland?" Bob carefully took the reefer out of his mouth and thumped ash on the carpet. There was the faintest impression of tears in his eyes. He stood up and tossed the roefer down and ground it into the carpet with his foot.

"Did...did you see Mickey Mouse?" Karen asked. "Shit," Bob said, "there isn't any goddam mouse. It's just some guy in a suit. The same with the duck." And with that, Bob stalked into the bathroom and slammed the door and they couldn't get him out of there for the rest of the day.

Ine Lansdale lives in a small town in Texas with an unpronouncable name. He is the recipient of the Bram Stoker Award for Rest Short Story, and a World Fantasy Award nominee for his short story "The Night They Missed the Horror Show." Joe lives with his wife and his dinosaur, Bob.





In a decade where nothing succeeds like excess, what better time to introduce a series of bubblegum cards whose logo on card number one is an image of a dinosaur, its teeth and claws gripping the earth, while blood flows over the world and particularly across the United States.

Issued by Topps several months ago (the same company who brought you a dozen different sets of The Garbage Pail Kids cards), the series was written and created by Gary Gerani (author of the hook FANTAS-TILEUVISION and co-author of the movie PUMPKINHEAD).

"Basically, the series is an bomage to everything I ever loved in science fiction pop culture when I was a kid. Movies like Ray Haryshaueris e fifots and the early Japarene stuff were among my favorites, and the potents for these favorites, and the potents for these favorites, and the potents for these pictures seemed to speak directly to as pretenes. Oriviously MARS AT-TACKS was the single most important influence. It amused me how powerful floor in global principles of the power after year. How porvenely satisfying to do the same thing for an entirely new generation?

For those not up on their 1960's non-sports bubble gum cards, MARS ATTACKS is a series of cards which is highly prized today but which did not sell well when issued in the early Skitles. It featured fine paintings by Norman Saunders of the Earth being

invaded by grotesque Martians who visit violence upon us hapless Earthlines. The series climaxed with Earth launching a counter-attack on Mars. Today they are the most collected non-sports cards issued in the last fifty years and have spawned many articles, homages and even a 36 card imitation series produced in 1986 called URANUS STRIKES, which was produced with more enthusiasm than artistry. MARS ATTACKS was even reissued by an amateur publisher, but the cards were poorly reproduced by someone who knew nothing about the intricacies of

reprinting that type of color when reshooting from a printed surface. But what DINOSAURS AT-TACK! brings to it which has more of a modern sensibility is a sense of satte, as well as stepping up the vio-lence quotient quite a bit. While MARS ATTACKS had only about ten cards which featured blood and gore to any extent, DINOSAURS ATTACK! features at least two dozen cards which push the maybeen to explicit limits far beyood that exercised in the early Strates by MARS ATTACKS. There are some of people being ton in half (card

this was more than an accident as a sinister being was behind these events, manipulating things in order to bring about the destruction of our world.

The artwork for these cards are paintings done by John Pound, James Warhola, and Earl Norem, although the wast majority of them (42 of 55) were painted by underground artist Chet Damsstäedler, known in the field by the pseudonym XNO.

covers for such underground comics as D.R. WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES and WEIRDO. When Damstander first starned doing the paintings, be tried to paint them realistically to the point of having the spilled hired flood flook realistic as well, but Topps wanted the hired painted a brighter shade of red to make it show up better in the paintings. The original paintings for the cards are only 5° x.7°, although the arist could





#15. THE COLONIEL ... SHRED-DED() as well as the bloody remains of a man who was stepped on by a dimosaus (cast #81: OUR FORCES-FLATTENED). The best cards, though, are not the particularly gory and gricesque het those which present a wild situation, such as a surfer on his most halanced precariously atop a dimosaur (cast #23: THE PERFECT WAY).

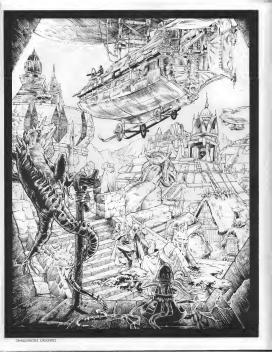
DINOSAURS ATTACK is a crazed celebration of all our favorite scenes in the moneter movies we loved as kids. It is as though the original KING KONG didn't have only three or four creasons accessed explicit vicience, but dozens, and all of them just a hit deranged. The story involves a time travel experiment which goes away causing hundreds of discousants to be transported into the world of modern day Karth.

The scenes on the curds were all conceived by Genai from his script and done in storyhoard form. These were then redrawn and tightened up by such pencil arists as Herb Trimps, George Evena and John Nemer. The paintent then used these drawings as the hasts for their pinintings. A series of eleven stickers were also released as put of the series although the artwork of those is hy Paul Marvides and Hal Robbins.

Some of the people who appear in the paintings are based on polaroided by Gerani to work into the art as inside jokes. Fans were quick to pick up on this in card #36: COMICS CON CATASTROPHE!

"Jay Lynch recommended me to Topps," Darmstaedter explained, "after he saw some of my work over at Glenn Bray's house in California." Darmstaedter had previously done have worked larger had be wanted to.
"It's just that the work that had
already been done was just twice the
size of the cards, so I just went ahead
and did the rest of them that size as
well."

Although the sales of DINO-SAURS ATTACK! has not been all that Topps hoped for, Warner Brothers has expressed some interest in possibly optioning the series for a film and Eclipse Comics has anounced a graphic novel hased on the series which would feature the sequel story already written by Gerani for the unproduced second set of DINOSALIRS ATTACK! cards Artwork would be hy Chet Darmstaedter and each panel would be a painting in the same style as the cards. Darmstaedter had already done a few paintings for the second series before Topps cancelled plans to complete it themselves.





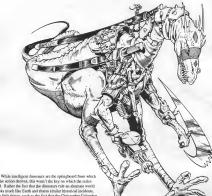
clearing his table, finishing ALIENS and some other work. He just told us that he should be able to start on it in September, although I don't think it will start appearing much before later in 1990." Randy and Jean-Marc have already plotted out all four

issues of the series and broken down the story to give Mark Nelson a lot of room to work in large panels and otherwise open up the story for the artist to include himself creatively as much as possible. The story opens in 1913. Earth stands poised on the brink

of the first World War when dinosaurs suddenly emerge from a dimensional gateway, bent on wrecking havoc and conquering our world. In 1914, which is when most of the action takes place, the Saurian Wars have already been poing on for a year. United against the dinosaur invaders is a group whose spearliesd is composed of Cantain Methusulah Stone (an American flying ace), Poincare (a Prench mathematician and one of Earth's foremost scientists) and the

beautiful and mysterious Mata-Hari, whose lovalties are at first very much at question. "You may recognize a formula which we've used for storytelling purposes, which is the Flash Gordon formula of Hero, Girl & Scientist, which is not an inappropriate approach for a story which takes place in 1914. That is a deliberate attempt to use an archetype," Jean-Marc explains. "We are also using the factor of Reilly. Ace of Spies in the background, which is the only other aspect which doesn't derive from the parallel universe theme."

MIDNIGHT OF APETUAS



much of the action derives, this wasn't the key on which the series was based. Rather the fact that the dinosaurs rule an alternate world which looks much like Earth and shares similar historical incidents, except for little things, such as the fact that the Christopher Columbus of the alternate Earth was an intelligent dinosaur. "T've always been interested in parallel worlds," Jean-Marc

explained. "That's something that I really like. I miss the old Earth-Two from D.C. comics and I've had a lot of discussions with Mary Wolfman about this. I love parallel universes, but they have to be a lot more different than just simple things like President Kennedy wasn't killed in that one

"I came up with this series about intelligent dinosaurs before I read the Harry Harrison WEST OF EDEN series, because that's the only thing I've seen which came close to what we have in mind, but his dinosaurs are really very alien. Ours are a lot more anthropormorphic, but I don't try to make them too human. For practical story purposes the society in that alternate world is divided into two main areas. One is equivalent to Victorian England and the other occurries most of what would be the Soviet Union and Axia. So it is a lot more anthropormorphic than Harry Harrison's story.

"Michael Moorcock has done something similar to my approach to an alternate world in his books WARLORD OF THE AIR and THE LAND LEVIATHAN. Nobody has done a British Victorian empire better than Michael Moorcock, so I would probably have to plead guilty to some kind of influence from there.

The premise for EMPIRE OF THE DINOSAURS, with intelligent dinosaurs, was a lot more original when we came up with it in 1986 than it will appear to be when it comes out in 1990. Now there is DINOSAURS FOR HIRE and other books which have used the idea recently." But based on the plot outline of the 4-issue series. EMPIRE OF THE DINOS AURS holds the promise of being an exciting adventure with some of the most lush Mark Nelson artwork vet seen, if the accompanying visuals are any indication of things to come.

IRT

B ritish artist Shayne O'Dwyer is a rising star in Great Britain, a mad blend of Ralph Steadman and urban expressionism. Coming soon is Shayne's first sequential effort, a 46-page comic called Overload, scripted by Paul Duncan. Look for Shayne's work in upcoming issues of Arcane's Fly In My Eye and Taboo II.

The following pages from *Overload*, are just a taste of the disturbing O'Dwyer wit and style, courtesy of the artist.



































HORROR CLICHES FROM HELL

ould you be reading this right? A comprehensive itemization

A comprehensive itemization of all the chestrust that hardicep and trividates horror as we know it loday? The comprehensive items of the condustriant where is a bunch of good, scarry shaff out there, the availanche of a what start believes it is somehow even with the label control in the comprehensive items of the co

hints end clues that you should use the paperback as a doorstop, pronto.

1. ELDRITCH GODS /OLD ONES
That is, encient, unspeakable, corrupt.

all-powerful, blasphemous, ultra-ickey nether delty types whose very form overlooks the feet that rea/Old Ones would most likely be threadbare, sentle, desiccated, feeble, doddering colestomy beg types. Same goes for ancient curses. Phew!

 SINISTER CHILDREN
 With malignant grins, wanton weys and really bad cover art.

 EVEN MORE SINISTER NEW ENGLAND TOWNS
 Usually boasting one or more possessed and/or sinister children.

BIBLICAL EVIL
 Handily banished by religious rites or icons. Pshawl Join the 20th Century.

5. PROTAGONIST ENCOUN-

dudes

TERS THE SUPERNATURAL, REAL-IZES IT AT LAST...AND DIES The Number One Pilot of the Femous Horror Writers School. Enrollment is limited! Send check or money order today!

C. EARMARKS OF
 (NOOOOO) EVIL
 Such as clover footprints, bat wings, sill pupits, reptilian features, an 'equiline nose," a cadaverous pallor, or an excite name that means something nasty and ominous in a foreign language.

7. LUNATIC RAPIST KILLERS WHO WERE ABUSED AS KIDS BY TYRANNICAL, DOMINERING MOMMIES, AND WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN JUST FINE IF THOSE MOMMIES DIDN'T RATE FLASHBACK CHAPTERS

44-MIDNIGHT GRAFFTTI

8. CONFLAGRATIONS OF CONVENIENCE Sort of like Drano for monsters. Same goes for STUPID INCANTA-TIONS.

9. ENQUIRER HORROR Or: UFO Poltergeists Raped My Headless Elvis Triplets From Beyond the Grave. We wanna know.

10. STORIES OR BOOKS THAT END JUST AS SOMERODY STARTS TO SCREAM, BLEED. BLACK OUT OR GET EATEN

MONORABI E MENTION-Gerund titles, e.g., The Gnoshing,

And while we're et it, how about a Top Ten of dialogue cliches from science fiction and horror films? Stop us if you bayen't heard these two times too often

1. "It's quiet. Too quiet."

2. 'That's crazy...But it just might work!"

3. "What the --?" or "Holy --!"

4. "Everybody knows there are no such things as vampires!" (substitute: werewolves, zombies, ahosts, aliens, tulpas, pares, virgins, unbiased editors or original monster

story plots.) 5. "We can't stop now for a lot of

silly native superstitions." 6. "Now, let's not lose our heads

ower this "

7, "It's probably nothing, but we'll check it out enyway."

8. 'That sort of thing never used to heppen eround these perts."

9. "But you've got to believe me!" or: "I know it sounds insane,

but *

10, "That,...thing has got to be my babyl*

Immediately stop reeding any horror novel that commences with e short proloque set in e previous century, then flashes forward to the errival in town of the New Family. You can bet that efter centuries of waiting something is ready for feeding time. It's probably pretty blasphemous. And the horror was only beginning. AVOID LIKE AIDS any story in which any character

*Noooo Especially if this utterence is rendered ALL CAPS. Or any other word with the wrong letter stretched, as: "Bbuttt Bbbbbbbbbblilllieee!"

Lines We'd like to bear, just once: "Gee Stagey, it looks like the power is out up at the Krolock mansion. Let's all split up and die stupidly."

AFTER HaURS

The new magazine of dark fantasy and horror. It's the only publication devoted exclusively to stories that come out after dark! Here's what people are saying:

Mort Castle Eldritch Tales

Chris Lacher New Blood Gary A. Braunbeck -It's an impressive debut -- showing a lot of thought and a lot of ambition.

quality of the first. Congratulations!

savs.

-A distinct and impressive debut. When the sun goes down, After Hours shines bright! -The second issue not only equaled but surpassed the

Copies of the premiere issue are still available, featuring an interview with Robert R. McCammon, best-selling author of Swan Song. New stories by J.N. Williamson/John Maclay. Bobby G. Warner, Ronald Kelly, Anke Kriske, et al. Plus a classic from Tanith Lee.

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BIOOD SISTERS

O VAMPIRES REALLY EXIST? IF THESE DARK, SENSUOUS **BLOOD GLUTTONS** COULD DROP IN FROM BEYOND TO SHARF THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE, THEY'D OWE A LARGE CHUNK OF IT TO THEIR FEMALE CREATORS, WHO HAVE GIVEN THEM MORE FREEDOM TO MINGLE WITH MORTALS THAN **FVFR BEFORE.**

BY KITTY PERDONE





omen who write about vamprires today have deemed vamprires today have deemed them too hip to shrink from crucifixes, vain enough to reflect themselves in mirrors, and cussed with a craving to sack more than just blood. The Bargeoning vangasant of succibit past with enough passions to make old Count Dracula feel his new.

Lately, the difference between man. woman and monster has ebbed with each new wave of horror fiction. On the front fine, authors Anne Rice, Chelsea Oninn Yarbro, Tanith Lee, and Suzy McKee Chamas, have instilled an array of human qualities in vampires which make them seem as real as fear itself. In Blood is Not Enough, the most recent and only anthology in which vampiric behavior transpends traditional supernatural boundaries. Omn's fiction editor. Ellen Datlow, showcase the haunting, erotic world of vampirism with a collection of stories based on the draining of energy and will. The modem incubi in these tales include emotionally disturbed people who demonstrate symptoms of clinical vampirism, manipulative telepaths, lifesucking aliens and an actress who saps people's emotions, (see review this ish, ed.)

Wielding a huge variation of styles, all five women have developed 'vampire make-overs' which paint vivid metaphors for the human condition that range from emotional deviance to unbridled lust. LOVE AND THE OUTCAST

A nno Rico, creator of Interview With the Vampire, The Vampire Lestat and most recently, The Queen of the Dammed, began writing her famous classic vampire chronicles from a whim.

"They 're perfect metaphors for outsiders like gays, misfits and criminals, who are inside of society but locked out of it." She remarks somewhat hesitantly just after returning to her New Orleans home from a national book tour for The Ouern of the Dawned.

Critice have continually mirunderstood Rice's theme of sex, death, power, and the search for identity which dominate her novels. This year, People magazine panned The Queen of the Danned, summing up Rice's richly detailed stooy of Akasha, mother of all vampires, as a "book without sub-

One wonders if Rice's is insightful exploration of human relationships mirrored in the lives of their vampines are simply too easing for flipparts audiences to own up to. Much of the intigues of Interview with the Vampire and The Vampire Lester stributes to the deligniful and shocking interplay of a "real" journals it documenting the convention of the Comparison of the

cultivated by Elvis Presley and Jim Mor-

risson manifests itself in the aura of The

Vannire Lextot

Rice's contributions to the architecture of varying mythous alove extends into the role of the fermate. By certaining "thore who must be keep", the mother and futher from which all vampines originate, Rice reveals the faintise tensorouses or of mother/ner relationships. This occurs when Leatst must had joing mother into a vargeire, and again in The Queres of the Domosed when Aukain choose Leatst as the lower. The power of Rice's arctices to the contribution of t

"Vampires capture the essence of being alienated." Rice adds. "Because after all, they will always be the aliens in a world they have to depend on for survival."

Suzy McKee Chamas' fascinating vampire protogoesia's, doctor Edward Weyland of The Vampire Tapeary must also cope with his desperate need to blend in with human society while still having to kill people for the sheer sake of getting a decorat meal. Chamas, tunlike her contemporaries, has created only one vampire, who happens to be made.

Observing Weyland, her 2,000 yearold alien blood unker manaprending as a distinguished college professor who penys on his students and associates. Charmas comments. 'A make is the only kind of person in this society who can have a predistory yide and be admirad for it. There is a correspondence betreech the vampies style and the successful, older male style, which is why I use Weyland's covere."

Vampirus of this nature reflect a host of mestal deventiones which smulgeamst fiction with fact; blurring the definition of supernatural mounts and social psychopath. In a recent issue of the British Journal of Psychiatry, Herschel Prima comments on devisua individuals who make people and ingest deviduals who make people and ingest deviduals who make people and ingest appears to cocur in individuals functioning at a very primitive mental and emotical level. which may well explain the connection between clinical veraptim and schulcheruis.





Externally, Chamas' Weyland is the mild-mannered, attractive intelligent American citizen. At the core, he is an animal composed of simple brutality. His superimposed, complex intellectuality is revealed when his female thempist discovers that all the crosses, holy water and smilight in the cosmos cannot destroy this macho predator.

"Passion becomes his destruction,"

"Passion becomes his destruction,"
Charmis remarks. "In order to survive his a got to stay cold. But somewhere
inside him is a weed of heat. When his relationships with mortals fan that seed into a flame, he can't live with the warnfith because it will connect him to omach to the people he has to kill." It Skoker's Dearwise was the embodiment of a perverse, secual evil, Chamma' Weyland sets it out as if if were a normal and logical condition.

WHY PICK ON VAMPIRES?

ii) no of the books I really adored as a bid kid was Drawful, shough as the time I didn't realize how badly-written it was." Charmas, who is an ex-New Yorker now living in Albuquerque, muses on the alternoon of her bithday. "I wanted to write a varapite story after I sea when Drawful envival on Browden, and an Off-Broudway show called The Passion of Drawful."

"Both plays were charming and delightful, but I felt they were missing the point. I wanted to take a crack at

BRAN STOKER.

DRAGUA

figuring out what these stories were missing." Charmas' face lights up like a kid who jast won a game of hid-easd-sock. "The productory nature of the vampies was missing in Dracula, so I wrote The Vampier Tapestry treating this creature as a produtory animal, not a remaining the construction of the constr

Chelesa Quinn Yashno, America's foremost author of historical hormor novels is colebrating another year of mortal life with Chemans at a Mexican restaurant near her home in Berkeley, californias. Yashno, who became fast friends with Chamass when they met on a midskight wampine penel as at horror writer's convention, shares equal writer's convention, shares equal centansium for blood suckers, but portray when in a very different style and context.

them in a very different style and context.

A my sterious glimmer dances in her intense, green eyes.

"I get a tremendous kick out of vam-

"I get a tremendous kick out of venapiere." the quipe. Concenning Olivia Clemens and Count Saint Clemain, the Clemens and Count Saint Clemain, the obsolutive varagines who are the heroes of ten out of Varbov is forty published novels, the comments, "My varagines are just regular people who just happen to be varaginer. Part of this concept resonates to what Stury deals with, but comes out with a different boulson. They are monstern but they don't have to set like them. They have that credio."

Yarbro had just completed Candles for D'artagnan, out last summer from Tor Books, which is the third book of the





Olivia series which includes a Filame in Spinnatium and Crusader a Torch. In this series, Olivia draws blood and nourish with the series, Olivia draws blood and nourish with men, relationships which are constantly men, relationships which are constantly men, relationships which are constantly society in which the exists. Olivia mavives through the sieges of war, the fall of empires and rampast diseases while the extraction of the constant of the constant properties and rampast diseases while the constant of the constant of the constant properties and rampast diseases while the constant of the constant of the constant properties and rampast diseases while the constant of the constant of the constant properties and rampast diseases while the constant of the constant properties and rampast diseases while the constant of the constant properties propert

"I call my books historical novels because to me, it's the history that's homfying, not the vampires," Yarbro

ndds. On the other ride of the Atlantic, Englased * Twaith Lee, author of forty susmorted funsay, becrow and science fiction movels, is currently working on *The Blood of Rever, a durk take of religious vampiers, due to be pubblished by Arrow Books next year. Lee, who salto and Sury McKee Chamas and Chelesa man and the salt of the salt of property of alles noticed when the salt of property of alles noticed property of alles noticed to the salt of the salt of property of alles noticed to the salt of the sal

Sabella, her first tale of the only female vampire living in a future society on Mars, was directly inspired by Stoker's Dracuts.

"Sabella is a result of an awful lot of thoughts I've had about vampires since I read Dracula when I was twelve," Lee read Dracula when I was twelve," Lee recalls, as the tips white wine in Cafe Pelican, one of her favorite London hunts. "Tremember taking the book out of the library feeling as if I had something very tillicit and dark. The roots assect of the book was so strong, I marveled at the fact that it got past the censors." Lee smiles reflectively. "Sahella

came into my head while I was stack in the middle of a science fiction book I resisted for three days, but she was so insistent. It was literally like having someone standing over your eboulder tugging at your arm."

Although Sabella, who comes from a

Although Sabella, who comes from a Quasi-Catholic culture on Marx, is Lee's most indoctrinated, guilt ridden, succubus, she is a perpetual nugnet for attractive men who eventually succumb to her allure and get to have intercourse with her before she kills them off.

Chelsea Quinn Yarbra

"Sabella came from the process of being very interested in male vampires and seeing the woman as the swooning, white victim being carried off by the tall, dark man." Lee observes. "she is the classic reversal, the dark woman who's men become swooning victims."

LUST VERSUS LAW

Within the amesument of Tanith Lee's work, which also includes several collections of short stories, teleplays and radio plays, the portrays many different stopes of vampire incarnations from a mabile girl in "Red as Blood," the biting evision of Snow White in Greenberg and Waugh's anthology, Vamps, to her latest let, The Langth Tree, tentured in Blen

Datlow's Blood is not Enough, about a tree that drains people's energy. Though Loe abandons most of ancient folklore's traditional vampirical mythos, a great many of her vampire stories, along with Anne Rice's, are rife with religious undercurrents.

"The doctrine that Christ died and rose again, with people drinking his blood to commemorate him, is a very interesting symbol for a vampire. Religion doesn't have to be the compulsion, but frequently is "notes! Let

Though Quinn Yarbro's vampires cavort throughout the height of religious empires, from the Florentine Renaissance in The Palace to eighteenth century Paris in Hotel Transylvania, they are too sophisticated and worldly to bother with the church

"Until recently, part of the vampaire myth was that it wasn't always easy to be sure someone was dead," comments Yarbro. "All the devices used to make certain that people are dead, noch as the wake, the hendstone, and tied-up coppes are needs, the hendstone, and tied-up coppes at needs this burial sights don't really apply anymore. A lot of this image of the vampire as something that ought to be dead want to a much of a fiction as it is now."

The earliest vampire stories written by John Polidori, (The Vampyre), and Bram Stoker have done much to inspire the alliance between religion and sexuality, to the evil, sensual side of the soul. Stephen King notes in Danse



Macabre, "In matters of sex, a highly moralistic society can find a psychologieal escape valve in the concept of outside evil...which Stoker's Dracula humanizes."

evil...which Stoker's Dracula humanizes." Ellen Dallow, who's fascination was spaticed into gathering stories for Blood is not Enough by Frank Langella's provocative Broadway performance in Dracula, agrees that a great deal of vampire allure

is soduction and power. "I'm fascinated with relationships," says Datlow. "And vampirism is just another aspect of weird relationships. People who seduce others and drain their energy are around us everyday. Broadening and updating this concept creates more co-sublishing for the vamerine."

Rice, Charms, Yarbro and Lee along with the many prominent writers who contributed to Blood is not Enough have contributed to Blood is not Enough have created some virid analogise that seem to transcend the fascinating boundaries between evil and fleese, myth and reality. These stories perpetually ask the question:
Do vampiese occisis with humanity?
Reading any of these suthers books will keep you wouldering.



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RAISING THE DEAD WITH DAN

A BACKWARD LOOK AT THE NORLISS TAPES

Right now producer/director Dan Curtis' is the undisputed king of big-budget television. Having devoted most of the last decist to a full-scale circumstate replay of World Was II, bring Herman Wouk's monumental novels, The Winds of Was and Was and Remembrance, to the TV screen at a cost of well over \$100 million, Dan is the current talk of the town.

However, 17 years ago, when I first met him in June of 1972, he was just beginning to roll in Hollywood, hitting big with his Vampire-In Vegas Movie of the Week, "The Night Stalker," and its sequel, "The Night Strangler" (both scripted by Richard Matheson). Until the early 1970s, Curtis had been a New York more

and his one major credit before setting up shop in California was the bizarre daytime soaper, "Dark Shadows," also starring a vampire (Jonathan Frid). In her memoir, My Scrapbook Memories of Dark Shadows,

In her memoir, My Scrapbook Memories of Dark Shadow Kathryn Leigh Scott writes of the series' genesis: It was a dream [Dan] had. He was at an old country house, which was haunted by the ghost of a young woman...

Curtis told the dream to his wie who encouraged him to develop it into a project for television. Dan told the idea to ABC—and produced and directed if for nearly five years, following it up with two sequel films, House of Dark Shadows (1970) and Night of

Dark Shadows (filmed in 1971).

These provided him with the necessary clous to establish his own Dan Curris Productions in California early in 1972. He immediately purchased a massive house along Coldwater Cenyon Drive — which he later claimed was hunted. (Yes, hunted by the chost of a young woman! But! I'll est to that later in this piece...)

Dan had just settled into his new offices on the Twentieth Century Fox lot when I went to talk to him early that summer. It had been my old pai Matheson's idea. "You should go see this guy." Dick told me. "He's a dynamo. Believe me, he's gomna build an empire out here."

When we met, my initial impression was of intensity. Dan Curis radiated intensity. After we'd shaken hands, and I'd seated royself on the couch opposite his desk, Dan fixed his dark eyes on me....

Years later, for a Curtis profile, I would write:

A compactly-built, curfy-haired, fierce-eyed man with a toothy wolf's smile, Curtis achieves high drunts during each working day. He thrives on crisis, and much of what he says is delivered in a shout. He ballows over a phone, yells down the hall to his ever-patient socretary, shouts at his camera crew. Working with Curtis is ulcer-producing, but never dail.

BY WILLIAM F. NOLAN



ANGIE DICKENSON AND ROY THINNES BATTLE A WIND MACHINE IN THIS STILL FROM THE NORLISS TAPES.

Now, at our first meeting, Dan was raking me with his eyes, probing — as I later discovered — for we aknoss. He liked working with strong people. And considering the pressures they were subjected to, his people had to be strong.

He saked about me veredits, and we talked for a few

minutes. Edged, wary talk. Then, abruptly, he snapped: "You want to go to work for me?"

"In what capacity?"
"As part of my production team?"

"No," I said.

He looked startled, then smiled tightly: "What do you want?"

"I want to write scripts for you."
A silence. Then: "We'll see."

The meeting was over — and I figured I'd never hear from

him again.

A month laser a package arrived in the mail. An outline, written by Fred Mustard Stewart, for a shock thriller. From Dan. 1 read is and phoned him at Fox.

"What do you think?" he asked.
"This isn't much good."

"Tell me something I don't know," Dan growled. (Curtis loves to growl.) "Can you do anything with it?"

"First thing I'd do is throw away this outline and start over."

Dan agreed. "Do me a treatment," he said. "I'll call your

agent and set up the deal."

By mid-August I had turned in a 40-page plot treatment.

We talked it through, page by page, and Dan okayed it. As a Curtis/

Metromedia Production.
"Write the script," he told me.

Completed in three weeks, my 80-page teleplay was approved for production that October by Curris and NBC. We were off and running on "The Norisss Tapes."

My hero, David Norliss (played by Roy Thunnes), was an

My hero, David Noriss (played by Roy Inames), was an occult investigator called in to see Ellen Cort (Angre Dickinson), who

tells him she's afraid of her husband. What's to be afraid of? Well, for one thing, the guy's been dead for three months.

and the street of the street o

Also, beyond giving me my first Movie of the Week writing credit, this was to be the pilot show for a projected series of occult adventures, with Dave Norlists recording his exploits on tape each week as he chases demons and devils across the TV screens of

And the pay was good.

audience.

We desided to use bad weather as a mond device in the production; it would always be raising, by day and by right, (Which meant is half dozen crew mombers standing as the adelines of every outdoor seens with guarthip botter striked high.) Dut not decided on taking the cast and crew to San Francisco, Carmel, Sausalto and alway the Montevey Peninsula for locations sequences, and these proved quite effective. However, most of the script was shot in the Los Angeles area.

While Dan headed for Monterey in early November, I boled up in Taos, New Mexico, to script a three-hour version, for Dan, of the classic Henry James ghost story, "The Turn of the Screw." It was set for a two-night presentation, from Curtis Productions, for ABC's Wide, Wed World of Entertainment.

I spent most of November on a 130-page draft, returning in time to join the "Norliss" crew for location shooting in Hollywood. The site was a rambling, two-story Gothic mansion in the hills overlooking the Sunses Struc.

When I arrived for the day's shoot, the camerman was being positioned so just sat down next to a white-baired old gentleman who told be he had just bought the house and would be moving after we'd finished shooting there.

""Guess a place like this is worth something," I said.

MIDNIGHT GRAFFITI-S3

"Well, they wanted a million five, but got 'em down to just a million." said the old man.

I blinked. Who was this old guy? Back in 1972 you could buy almost any luxury mansion in Beverly Hills for well under a million.

million.

Tums out he's Nosh Dietrich, the retired financial wizard responsible for building the Hoard Hughes fortune. "Just a million,"

was, for old Noah, no more than pocket change.

When Dan's on the set he dresses in a style I think of as

"Barly Brundo". black leather jacket, scuffed boots, cord pants.

Astrogocially, he's a Loo—and rules his world. He's always
pushing, and his production news don't appreciate this. Once, when
we were on a short in Searamenta, I was sitting in the call of an

open-bad truck with the driver. Dan was riding in the back.

"He coul fall right into the road," I remarked.

"Yeah. Well, if he did, I'd lay odds against anybody on the crew stopping to pickp him up, said the driver.

That this kind of thing doesn't bother Dan. "I'm not out to win popularity contests," he told me once. "I'm out to get a job done.

That's all that counts."

Our next "Northes" site, in early December, was the old

Selzzick studie in Culver City where a lot of Gone With the Wind had
been filmed. I had written a sequence in which Sargoth is trapped by
our here in a blood circle of routing filmen. Dur was having trouble
with his "sums burn" — wherein the "demon" (a stunt man in a

flame-resistant bodysuit) is set afire by Norliss in an artist's studio.
"He doesn't look like a frigging demon," Dan fumed. "He looks like a frigging stuntman in a suit!"

More smoke from the fogger (to obscure details of the demon figure) solved the problem, and Dan got the scene wrapped.

We moved outdoors for a night sequence.

Scene: Norins see Surgoin the inside the studio. He
grabs Ellen's hand and they runh from the place as the studio begins
to burn behind them, pussing on the porch to peer back inside to be
sure the demon is destroyed. (The "pause" was not in my script; it
was Dan's idea.

Dan rehearsed the scone with Angie and Roy as the crew prepared to torch the "studio"—which was actually just a standing wooden false-front, with an attached porch. At the last minute Dan decided to have she two of them exit and not look back as the studio begins to burn.

Angie and Roy are alive today because of this change. A mistake was made by the tech erew; they applied far too much ignitible rubber coment to the walls and when the camera rolled the entire false front literally exploded into a tower of flame just as Roy and Angie cleared the docuvey. Had they stopped on the proch to look back they would have instantly been engulfed in the inferno.

Dan was white-faced at this near-disaster. "No more lossy fire scenes!" he vowed. He swung around and pointed at me. "Nolan, don't ever write another damn fire scene into a script of mine!"

We shot more night stuff at a cometary crypt. Inside the crypt, as Ellen gropes her way forward in the darkness, the is not aware that the body of her murdered sister has been brought here. Suddenly Ellen's probing hand touches the dead flesh of her sister's face, and she screams. Angle's shrick was real and jolting and this scene is still, to my mind, one of genuine terror. In the next sequence Ellen's husband rises from his coffin and madly pursues her as the runs for her car. She makes it to the vehicle, locks hereoff mistle, and fumbles with the key, typing to start the engine. The deadman reaches the car— and pulls the entire door off. They were going to use a Chevy for this, but I mistade on a Mercedea, "When this dead guy pulls off the door of a Mercedea," It to the companies of the companies of the companies of the companies of the 100 Dam. "Them we know how stress the's gottate. It. It is that the

same with a Chevy."

unrecled on a screen in front of us.

Dan agreed — and I got my Mercedes.

The holidays intervened, but by early January of 1973 Dan had wrapped production and was into the editing process. With his rough cut completed in early February, he asked if I'd like to sit in on the "mixina" seasion. Of course I would.

He gave me the address of a sound studio in Hollywood.

When I got there Dan was processing screams, working with the
sound man to select just the right scream, in tone, intensity, and
length, for each scene that required one. All this as the silent footage

"Roll it back and lay in the third scream," Dan ordered.
"That last one sounded like a dying chicken!"

As a truly blood-curdling scream was played over the loudspeaker Dan smiled his wolf's smile. "That's the one," he said. "I not it in "

Next came gunshots. Some were too hollow, others sounded too much like popping firecrackers. Then we proceeded through times on gravel, failing bodies, shattering windows, flootseps on a stairway, and a demon's how! — a full spectrum of sounds to bring "Noritiss" to life.

It was a fun afternoon.

With his final answer print in hand, Dan arranged for an advance showing of "Norlies," inviting certain writers he wanted to work with on future episodes. We were all certain, at this point, that we did indeed have a network series.

Reaction to the film was enthusiastic. Moody and chilling. And the pace was fast, "Norliss" delivered.

After the showing Den invited us (the four selected writers) this home on Cold water Caryon. We all ast around his backyard pool discussing plot ideas. I remember that science fiction writer learny Sold was there, as was John Tomerlin (now an oditor with Rod A Track). Our main problem had to do with the demon, Sargoth. Dan wated him to survive what had appeared to be his flery doom to bus Norlisis in further existed.

Each of us piched ideas at Curis. Dan was in a blue towel robe, lying on his back in a reclining chair at the edge of the water, hands behind his bead, eyes closed. At each Sargoth suggestion he's open one eye and slowly shake his head. "No, no, no..." he'd say. "That's not good enough."

Finally I came up with an idea I called "The Return." Ole Surgoth would use his demonic powers to draw Norliss back into his own childhood. Notelies would literally be aboreded by his younger self and, as a child, would be vulnerable to Sargoth. Nutty idea, but Dan loved it. He opened both eyes. "Do me a treatment," he grunted.

And the poolside story conference was over.

While I was drafting "The Return" I got my hands on the
"Norliss" production notes, prepared for press release at the telecast
of the show later that month. To quote:

"The Norliss Tapes" is a horrifying film dealing with the darkest of all man's fears: the unknown. It dwells on demonology and lingers on life after death. It examines man's search throughout the centuries for his own immortality, a search unanswered in the minds of many but very definite to those few whose claims of communication between the two worlds cannot be proven or

disproved.

"When a woman suddenly confronts her dead hasband, seemingly alive in the middle of the night three months after his funeral, she turns to author David Norliss, famous for his investigations into the world of nowhic helmomena and the

investigations into the world of psychic phenomena and the supernatural (played by Roy Thinnes). Together they risk their lives to determine whether she suffered a hallucination — or is telling the truth.

"The pilot for a projected series, The Norliss Tapes' could return Thinnes to the millions of television fars he acquired through his previous series, The Invaders, and the daytime drams, 'General Hospital'
"On The Norliss Tapes' Dan Curis worked closely with

"On 'The Norliss Tapes' Dan Curtis worked closely with writer William F. Nofan, a prolific author whose name ranks high with afficianados of fantasy. The script for 'Norliss' was not hammered out, it was carefully wrought.

"Angie Dekimon, lovely blonde actives known for her vivasily and heavy, wa signed as Elien Cort, the widow who confronts her dead husband and fires a blast at him from a doublehearlief shapen. In a physically demanding part, Miss Dickimon endared orderla by fire and water with charming grace. A star of more thus a dozen montoop pictures, Angie is more selectives about accepting stalevision offers, but found the script too frightening to put down. She datt do of; she e claimed. Dan had not been satisfied with Angie's performance (though she was a "sweetheart" on the set and the crew loved her) and he claimed that he had to leave half her lines in the editing room. "She's over-rated," he growled. "I just hope to God the reviews don't crucity her!"

They dicha":

When the show was telecast, as an NBC "Wednesday
Mystery Movis," on Feb. 21, 1975, the worst Angie got was a light
knock from The Hollywood Reporter. The reviewer complained that
the role of Ellen Cort was "just a bit stiffly played by Angio
Dickinson." But he ended up calling the movie" a lot of fun."

Daily Variety liked Dan's work, commenting on his use of "stormy weather and a nice sense of foreboding in building atmospheres." Their sum-up was very positive: "Curis' directed with an eye to tension, and that he manages. The idea behind Nolan's script has validity with its open dependency on the speematural. Basic thrust, to sense, is what counts, and there Nolan,

Cartis, Thinnes and company succeed."

Weekly Verley (the shwwhi: "bible") found strong series potential in "Noritss." "Stickly produced, it qualifies as a definite prospect for the 1973/fd season. . . . Murder, mayham, and suspense were generated in good measure. The plots works exceedingly well. With Cartis' track record, it seems likely that NBC will give it a long, hard look."

The network did just that, and on March 5 they okayed my treatment ("The Return") for script development as the second show of the series. The heady smell of success was in the air.

Then: disaster!

On March 6, 1975 (which also happened to be my
birthday), the Writers Guild of America West called a strike against





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the TV/film industry. All writing was frozen; I was not allowed to do any work whatever on "Norliss."

Pocket lines were mounted, signs brandished: "More Pay TODAY!" ... "We Write to Live!" ... "Fair Pay is Fair Play!" The strike lasted more than three and a half months — into late June — with "Northst" growing colder by the day at NBC.

On the afternoon after the strike ended I got a call from Dan. His tone was dark. "The network dumped the series. It's all over."

Indeed, David Norlis was dead. Demons and walking deadmen condair Itil him — but he writer's strike could, and did. Happily, my working relationship with Dan extended far beyond "Norlini" While he was in London filming my Tann of the Screw, I. seripted most of "Tribay of Terror" for him. And, much later, the Bette Davis thearsteal motion picture, Burn of Offerings, Other Notant/Curit Movies of the Week included "Melvin Pavis, of Man," "The Kansac KiV Massacre," "Shungher House" and "House

of Terror." (The last two were never produced.)
And, as a follow-up to "The Night Stalker" and "The Night
Stampler," I also wroce a third Kolchak Movin of the Wesk (with
Richard Mathenon) called "The Night Killers." It was approved for
production in Hawsii by the network, and I go set to go over for the
location shoot. A week before we were to leave Kolchak was sold as
weekly series (which did not involve Dan) and the project dind

aborning.

Anythow, I did a lot of writing for Curtis, often working over script drafts with him at his Coldwater house on weekends.

Which is when I found out the place was haunted. Dan told me about the strange things that we reappening there. Library drawers had jumped from the wall to spin across the room. Household items shruptly disappeared, then just as shruptly appeared again in extremely odd places. Footsteps were heard in socially deserted marts of the house.

"Once I went to the door at the end of our downstairs hall,"

Curtis related. "I'd heard my wife walking the length of the hallway.

She had a walft I knew very well. But the sound of her high-heel steps stopped just as I operad to door to speak ao her. I was stunned — because nobody was in that hall, and I could see clear ao the other end. I later discovered that my wife had been out shopping that afternoon, and that I'd been alone in the house.

On Halloween, Dan told me, long after the family had retired for the night, the downstairs phonograph suddenly began playing "borrible sounds" in the darkened living moon.

"We heard crying and demented screams," Dan reported.

"But when we went down there everything was back to normal, and
the machine was silent. The point is, even if someon had turned on
the phonograph as a practical joke, there was no recording of any
such sounds. That record just didn't exist."

The final finisheasies includent that prompted Day to give up

the house came after we'd gone our separate ways — me into other scripting and book jobs and Dan into the Wouk novels. I learned about this incident from Dick Matheson. . . .

soon as increased not been statused. He felt, very strongly, that somers had purchased a Onija board. He felt, very strongly, that someone needed to contact him. Indeed, the board's marker jumped wildly of its own accord from letter to letter—spelling out the same message over and over: "I AM TRAPPED HERE. HELP MEI.

MEI. .. I AM TRAPPED HERE, HELP MEI.

The board revealed that the spirit of a young girl was trapped in the house. Perhaps it had been ker screams Dan had heard that Halloween night.

It seemed that Dan's life had come full circle, in that his original dream of being in a house humsted by the ghost of a young woman (the bass for Dark Shadows) had now taken on a horible reality.

The hard-boiled director of "The Norliss Tapes" and more than a dozen other classics of horror had himself been thoroughly spooked. He quickly sold the house on Coldwater. I've often wondered what the new owners think of it.

Maybe someday I'll stop by and ask them.

Or maybe I won't.



THE BONE SONG

LISTEN SOFTLY

TO THE GRASS.

IT SINGS A LOW SONG

ABOUT

WHEN IT DROVE

DINOSAURIA

INTO BONE.

BY SCOTT E. GREEN





In this last part of Paul Sammon's interview, Ted Sturgeon shares his thoughts about television and the inception of the infamous "Sturgeon's Law." Paul's introduction picks up where we left off last issue.

In the summer of 1977, Surgeon and his Lady Jayne (Tannehill Surgeon, renarried since Surgeon's death), were living on the upper floor of a modest, two storey wodden frame house. This structure was located in a lower middle-class San Dlego neighborhood, and in 1978 in narrowly escaped total annihilation when PSA Flight 182 crashed only now blocks away (leveling most of that same neighborhood and canting a blody's works through the thory of great at disasters).

You reached Ted's apartment by an interior staircase. Once inside, the ceilings were low, the decor retro-hippy; silks, cushions, pallet bed. And Sturgeon liked unicorns. Figurines, paintings and drawings of the beasts were everywhere.

As for the way he wrote—the actual, physical process—this was unconventional. Sturgeon had an old Royal manual typewriter perched on a three-legged stool about eighteen inches off the carpet;

obviously, Ted pecked away on this mochine while sitting crosslegged on the floor.

We spent a lot of time up in that apartment, Ted and 1. Our interviews were conducted informally, with myself sillowin in the perithent auctions as causally a sossible, letting Sturveon speak with his own

with myself supping in the pertinent questions as casualty as possible, telting Surgeon speak with his own voice. Luckily, Surgeon genuinely enjoyed our talks.

Over the next few years Ted lived as a semi-hermit, first moving from San Diego to Los Angeles, then
to the Pacific Northwest. As for myself I entered the film business. Suddenly I was watching Clint

us the Racific Northwest. As for reputel, I entered the film business. Stadenty) is was wasting Clist
Barrowood berieving a model kelicopiers of the beaches of Cantilla Institute of for Fieldon or Amazine, out
with Arondo Schwarzenegger in Spins (file Cosma 1). Eigh years passed while I hyped gover films for the
major raudits, and what with allow maleon, over no observe documenter while it multimentally producing
realists, and what with allow maleon, over no observe documenter while film allowed by producing
relations of the beach burner where it will, information I, immers as a flow boll).
Then, nor it is 1915, I sunexpectedly was to be lowed for the control of the contro

She told me Ted was dying. A respiratory ailment was literally sucking the moisture out of his lungs, turning them into the organic equivalent of drywall.

Theodore Sturgeon died a few weeks later, in May 1985.

But here he is again, the Ted of 1977-78. Sitting on the floor of his little apartment and moising joke, the loved the fact that we were both namen after fish), still sucking on his ever-present pipe (the pipe that [hally killed him]. I flink you! I find things here you didn't know before, which was always my intent. Perhaps you! I go away with a memory of a reclusive yet open, gentle but moddening genius, a worldclass wifter who never scaled the commercial heir but.



ontinuing with the idea of privacy, how do you handle all this attention now? You have people like me who are exzentially strangers, who visit your life for awhile, then leave...

A number of things have happened. I was a recluse for many years. I oever went near the various Star Trek and science fiction conventions, for instance. Conventions filled me with a strange maxture of anger and terror.

One thing was, you air up there with the hight lights on you and reaching you not a reaching you must not you will be a rowed. "He is if Discolores Sturgeon, and he is picking his note." You find our what he hy's re stully design is writing a script for you, and you're supposed to behave that way. You're not morp sought to violate their expire. And I don't like people to write a script for me. I want to behave the way! I want to behave the way! I want to behave the wife it like to be told how to behave hey a boach of strangers. This bugs me, and that's where the source count from.

The is two comes from the feet that them's a grawt does of edimination and some that I be loweds in speeple by whall a write. And from that they construct a supposed by whall a write. And from that they construct a supposed by the suppose

No, no. It was one of those bette noirs that you have to chase down and kill.

You mention your personal problems you know, in that Better collection I mentioned earlier, he also says something interesting about you in his Afterword Let me zee. He's talking about the success of The Demolished Man, and how it made him a cience-fittin nomehody "I was invited to gathering of the actions (factors lighted Clab, where I not the propels was critical south of Shipperon, I has Blish, Tony Boocker, Ite Animos, Avena Dordston, I was particularly annexed as Blish and layer on Bolt were any problem and annexed with the shape per Bolt were any problem and annexed with the shape per Bolt were any problem and excentionally in law for deletal, and that Total writing acceptation (ii). But an annexed were all the shape and the shape and former of an III. But he had a quality which amused and consequent and it. But Bot Sad and I go not reliability to the state of the shape of the shape of the shape of the I deservised—Tony Quien it another—Tel Bord on critical constants of the shape of

Well...(laughs) What can I say? As I mentioned before, I've had troubles with the IRS, for example. But now I have a beautiful wife. Jayne, who's straightened all these things out for me. She's taken things I've had years of trouble with and put them right in hours. She's just an amazingly beautiful woman. Yeah. I've met fans who say, "You know, I saw you at such-and-such convention a few years ago, and I was afraid to come up and talk to you." My advice to them is to walk straight up to your writer, bring your foot down hard on their metatarnal, and say, "I'm here. Hey." And they'll pay attention to you. There isn't any reason why you shouldn't do that. Just because you've published so many millions and millions of words doesn't mean that you're some kind of an oure, and that you're going to bite their heads off. It's unfortunate what a certain amount of fame does to

some, thaugh
Yes, and Γve talked to people it has done that to. It is
unfortunate.

You know, besides faring my fears, the other reason I come out of hislay was—well, a number of things had happened. Just for example, I was in Italy not long ago, and happened. Just for example, I was in Italy not long ago, and a woman came up to me dragging an interpreter. The interpreter said, "She doesn't speak any English at all, and the ungestly wants to tell you concultage. Fast of all, you're the only writer in any language the's ever encountered who can will be the said of the said of

"And, secondly, because of something you wrote, she did not kill herself one night." At which point the woman began to cry. Now, if you're going to have that much effect on people, you really have to re-orient yourself.

Another time, in New York, a gay came op to me at a convention and old me that conce he was at a party and three was a gift there sitting in a comer. He caught her looking untiry misreally, and loostly. Above all, loostly. Loostliness—you can always me that, everyone unterstands it. Now in one of my antiest three is not good, about five or six lines long, called, "To it do Lorelines One." It is in "A Similar to the content of the content

done, by the way. So he wrote it down on a piece of paper, walked across the room, and haid it on her lap. She read it and they got to talking, and, ultimately, they fell in love and got married. So then this fellow says to me. "I want you to meet my kid." And there was this five or six year old child.

So there's a woman in Italy and a kid in New York both walking this earth because of things that I wrote. I bad to pay attention to this. I find that what I do and what I say has affected people. Here's one more example.

I made a speech at a convention one time, the thrust of which was that we are containmined. The agreements is to only not a phenome, or an entertainment, it is a vital to the property of the property of the property of the property convergence of the property of the property of the property of very picked up somebody else's itime? You was a piece of the proper on the street, you picked it and not fit, and as there, and the property of the pro

Then we'll tell the others what it means. It means "Ask the next question." So I just pursued my talk that way. Ok. this approach is apparently very effective. Somebody told me that later on in the convection, about two in the morning, he was walking down the hotel corridors and there was a guy Iving there in some kind of distress. And the observer's feeling was, "Oh Jesus, why can't these people bold their liquor?" And then he stepped on past the guy and walked to the elevator. And then he stopped. Because he had remembered what I'd said about nicking up other people's litter. But eoing on from there, "Why don't you care about what other people do?" So he went back and looked at the guy and couldn't get any response out of him. He got a little panicky and started banging on the pearest door. Somebody came out, and he said, "Can I use your phone? There's a sick man out here." He called, got the

parametrics, the fellow had had a heart attack or whatnot, and they took him away. But he made that action because of my speech.

But ne made that action because of my speech.

Mmm. Tou know, we've been tabling at length about
your life and your written work. Would you mind if we
talked a little bit about film, which you've also had a hand

Here's one thing I want to say shout the whole sprouch of a write rowards film. The got to disagree with Harlan Bliten, who will write every onance of every sense, very shot, every frame of the picture. Now he has staken his lumps and he has given his lumps too. He is a fighter and so on, and he gets a lot of charge out of doing and being the company of the company of the staken his picture was all bases of a very sincere waiter comings out to

Hollywood and seeing his vision distorted. I get asked time and time again, "How do you feel about baving your work

changed for the screen?"
Well, when levels a stry, it's between ne and my
typewrite; Sometimes between ne, my typewriter, and my
typewrite; Sometimes between ne, my typewriter, and my
thank, but that it. Is a blue with annot howelved over what
many writer have, that I'm greing to have that much control
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experts. Some people have been in lighting, or make-up, or whatever for all their livres. And I've met some of these people, Marveduo, bund-working, totally dedicated to their craft. Again, these are people who are in lighting, people who use into set designing, who are gipts, costume designing, who are gipts, costume designing, who are gipts, costumed resigners, people who've been in and around films after their fathers and mouthers who were also in and around films.

So here comes your writer. He writes a scene and says, The lighting has to be here," and "The costumes have to look like this." Then he also tells the actors how to act. You then have the situation where you, the writer, are trying to bring something to the screen, but you've mush the mistake of telling all these people you need to bring something to the screen just bow to go about it.

Now my way of handling a script, and I've found it very successful indeed, is to say as little as possible about what these people should do. They're much more familiar

...GREGARIOUSNESS IS NOT JUST A PLEASURE, OR AN ENTERTAINMENT; IT'S A VITAL NECESSITY FOR HUMAN BEINGS.

DA TOPPE - CO

with the stars of the set and the mechanics of film than 1 could very possible b. In cell v case if the clauses on cinema and home upon it, there are still devances that have been such a much tracked v then position of rates the form and its mass threated v the regular of rates that v could be a superior of v could be a superior o

is exactly the method you're latting about.

Well, you see, the script is hunded to a floor manager and a cliematographer, and they strat breaking it down, making abott, clumping it. because what you see on the screen is not obtain the ne-squence you exerced last of which, which I'm mure you already know. Bot if they have a similar set which is to be used several times throughout the picture, they tend to shoot that all at once, even though it may only speper spendiedly. Things like that is, you so write to the

account for that. You respect the expertise of the experts. You make it easy for the experts to be experts.

If you can do that, than you're going to get a lot more cooperation on the lot than you would get if you commanded them to do this, and commanded them to do that. especially when you don't know anything about their specialities. So mine is a totally different approach from Hazlan's.

As you've already said.

One of the heat lines I've ever written in my whole life, anywhere, including in telviviton, was in "Arnolt Time". At the very end of the picture Speck, at far as he knows having allied his captain in his battle over the princers, then truns her over to the rival he was battling over her for in the first place. This is after winning the princers list and square place. This is after winning the princers list and square and the special power of the nowledge of the form of the commend of the Enterprise. and he's point go go back to Studues and give himself up for killing the option during the mining freetry Speck and from himself.

And in the middle of this ampainh, Spock says to his roal about the princess, "You can have been. After a time, however, you may find that having it not up pleaning a thing as awaring. It may not be logical, but is is often very time." In immensely proud of that line. Not only that, if was crucial to the entails pot of that particular Sare Trie epinde. It brought the whole story to a point right then. The plot was meanineless without.

Now I happened to be on the Paramount for when they were design the unders of "Anno! Time." The picture was finished and they'd does a paste spe. The paste up it when the opicode is just gland (signtles, with on marks and so somet effects. Anyway, they can the episode through its the servening rown, and a twas sitting there waiting for this time of Specks. And it wasn't there. It was gone, And I just flipped out. Unsully I'm a very griet and unauggressive person, I doe't like to make trouble. I shways feel that the other new known men than I do.

other guy knows more than I d

But this time I went restring down to Bob Juntuma's office, Sur Too's executive produces are the time, and I Just raised helt. Lust stamping and screaming. At fair the chought, 7.0 Hearn, we've got another Hatin Billion here." But gardauly he began to understand what I was saying. Suddealy be jumped up and said, "Coven with me." We went down to the cuiting room, where they were centing my eppeded. By the way, but a was the fair than Tel over seen are proposed. By the way, but a was the fair than Tel over seen are reverence for these people's expensive, when they're really good at what there's.

They were already fifty-two feet over length on my episode, and the scene with my missing line was twenty-six feet long. So, really, there was seventy-eight feet to deal with. We've got to get rid of fifty-two feet and then still go back another twenty-six in order to replace this segment.

So the cutter starts running this scene forward and backwards or this machine. Here's a fattle shot where Capcian Kirk looks into the camera and then turns to the left. Ok. Cut the bit where the capcian looks into the camera. You keep where he turns to the left. That's two and a half feet right there. Now, all the while, this oditor's got this shing going on his hale, "Seventy-eight minus two and a half," and whatnot. He keeps this going until he's gradually reduced that seventy-eight to zero. Then he builds the twenty-six feet of my line back into the picture, splicing all the time. It's invisible monding, he's made no appreciable effect on the film at all. Yet he restored this scene to me.

And it was the most wonderful thing. I was shootably all half-begganded by the way but he mas worked. Bestallit stiff, it rully was Later on I had the lappy experience, thing in the way the stiff of the later of the stiff of the later of the stiff of the later of t

You've brought up some problems in working with television. So I have to ask you, How do you manage to function in that medium? It's so restrictive..

It's never going to be my major outlet. I don't like the medium or the people who work in it, mostly. Let me give an example.

I remember going to the screening of the plot for It.

These A Thirft, and afterwards I soluted by blew my top. I went to the producer's office after the screening and usid,

"this is the most immeral picture I have very some in the producer's office after the screening and usid,

"this is the most immeral picture I have very some in the producer's producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer is the producer in the

But to gently a gay who couldn't kins a gair without testing her entirge, which is when happened in the pilot, who was a failf and the one of a failf, whose value to wait the sail of and the one of a failf, whose value to wait the sail of the sai

You know, this kind of thing has happened to me many times before, I do forecast thing like that, and they do come true. But, invariably, they're much later in coming frue the laid duey would be. I figured that the explosions on the CIA would be beening in about eighteen menths. Well, it is took nearly eight years before they finally blew. But I knew that it was coming, and that any series like that...television was just full of glorification of the CIA at that time.

1 Sev. for example. Also Mission Impossible. I just

couldn't believe my eyes. People were being commed into believing how here loss and universitive them pies were. But, purificultarly, they were being fed the fact that these guys could but into anylorly else's property. I guant my privacy very carefully. B' any castle. I have my own life-tyle and I don't like it being interrupted from controls. Nobody slee seemed to have that feeling, and the whole American public—by the tens of millions, literally—being educated that your home was your castle, except when the CIA or the FBH wanted to get into it.

Yeah, in which case it comes down to the police state. And in which there's no recourse to defending your own property, or protecting your own privacy, or having your own individuality respected by the Iaw in general, or by the public agencies you're paying for in particular.

Or the police.

And all this because of one show If you multiply ALL the attitudes television is trying to inculcate, it really gives you pause, doesn't it?

Yeah, you're right. That's just the tip of the proverbial iceberg.

So let us say that there are areas of television I couldn't

So let us say that there are areas of television I couldn get through. And the attitude of television is simply incredible. Absolutely incredible. Did I tell you about my recent experience along those lines?

Na.

Just a few months ago I was called in to do a pilot. Past of the Bibls, the basts show format, had to do with his gay who went zeround beating up baddles with his karste thing, and so on. And his father could communicate with him sit all times by means of this up that had been justed in his sort; head. Dably was tunning the knobs, working the transmitter, parting the calles, giving the directions, so or. So the had been sorted in the sort of the sorted in the sort of the sorted in the sort of the sorted in the

But I had a suggestion. That the scientist in the laboratory would not be his father, but his mother; a top grade scientist with a first order mind. What I visualized was the kind of woman you see on the commercials, who's playing tennis with her daughter, wins a point, and leaps over the net to shake hands with her. Active and attractive And they immediately said, "Uh-uh. No way." I said, "Why not? The time has come, and it's past time, for a woman to have a strong dramatic series." Of course at this point in time there's already a Palice Woman and so on, but this is a sex change operation with the same old crap. But there's nothing where a woman does a woman's kind of thing. An intuitive, sensitive kind of woman, with a very strong dramatic role. They said, "No, it just won't go." And again I said, "Why not?" They said, "Listeo. The only kind of women people want to see on television are fuckable. And a woman at that age is not fuckable." I says, "Hey now, wait a minute. There's a lot of women I know of at 'that age' who'd really take offense at that. There are women at that period of life all across the USA who'd be thrilled to see a woman like themselves being that active."

And again they said, "Nope. That just won't wash.

Because the only women they want to see are fuckable." So

I saked, "What women are fuckable?" He says, "Eighteen to



MORE THAN HUMAN



Wilson of the Interestional Factory Arrayd
 "One of the very law authorise meetarpieces assume fiction
 cos boset" James Eliah

twenty-five. That is fouchable. This older women want to watch be nighten to reven five year old stor, because that is what they identify with. Not with themselve, or those of their own age." It says, "Now think a moremat. I think the time has really come for a good, strong, drematic role for a formation, one that is not Louy, and not if time in the history, and off min the history, and off min of biddy is an off, and pure generally not in-corn. A real dynamic refer." And the goy and it now. Littless, Stargeton, Littless, Stargeton, and the contract water is not story that they had last somes. What some and the start of t

God, that saunds like a line straight out of Netwark. He really said that to you?

Verbatim.

That sert of directorses is a little unusual in that industry, it is "like that attitude," it not all matter attitude, and that the similar of the sone may be outle done right out and say it is no many words. Really, the producer it west to after seeing the It Takes a Third pilot part daid: I know what I was saking about. He was the seeing that the seeing the little seeing the seeing that the seeing the seeing the seeing that the seeing the seeing

Did sheep per you as a transhle maker? I don't think as troubles maker. They just felt I couldn't be controlled. I don't think they're interested in the slighest in controlling me for the sale of controlling me. I me not personal. They're not interested in keeping me infer of their own egges, or anything the that. If it just that it may be a supported to the sale of the sale in the sale of the sale is a support of the many productable is at II. think I'm no or the most productable people in the work.

This guy, the one who told me be didn't want crusaders, understood what I was saying. And he was able to articulate, flat out, what if is the public wants to look at, what the studios and the networks want, what the sponsors want, and what they want. They want to get on the air, and they're going to get them by giving the public what it had last

season.

That reminds me very much of something that
happened when I first started to write. I'd had an experience
when I was married the first time, which was a very unusual
kind of experience to have.

Just as an aside, how many times have you been married?

Five. Anyway, I write this reprinence into a short story, and sett of the 3 around 1 magazine. She rejected it. Geret big-same editor, big magazin, and the rejected it will be a second 1 magazine, and the rejected it will be a second of the second of the

She went on to say, with a perfectly straight typewriter, that what her magazine needed desperately was new, fresh, original ideas. But nothing outside the readers' experience. Does that grab you?

As you said, with a perfectly straight typewriter.
Yeah, and this is part of the same Hollywood syndrome. Still. I don't think these people are evil.

People who are intelligent go into televisice and produce things that are intelligent, things like Regitard Rose's The Defenders and so on, but these people invariably seem to come in strong, peak up, and then start to diminish. That does seem the case:

But it's not that they run out of lokes. It's, first, that the pressure to get those pages out is no commons. Televistation is a hunger, hungry animal, man, it gebbies up pages and pages of material. Hundred of millicos of pages. And it does not so fast that the people who produce these pages are always and get tog get them out fast enough. So that's one aspect, and the property of the produce the property of the relationship of the produce the property of the prorelationship of the property of the property of the proteam of the property of the property of the property of the busic programs that are quote, "controversial," unquete. So, gradually, you get things that aren't "controversial." And pretty soon you see scripts that turn on whether or not the pancake batter comes out alright.

Mare Than Human is also under option for filming in France, isn't it?

Yeah. I'm negotiating, and negotiating very carefully, it's something that I want, but it isn't something that I need. Let's start with that. You'll do an awful lot of things when you're hungry that you wouldn't do when things are a bit more stable.

To date, More Than Human is ray magama opas; I don't think if if means no. I blash my new work in progress, Goffoody will be, ultimately. In the meantime, More Than Humans is, defect, More Than Humans has been petition seventeen languages, all over the world. And I want it filmed with the same qualities, the same fectors that made it go into seventeen languages. Eighteen, actually—it's going to be enablished in Humans and extra feet.

So I wast it on screen with those particular qualities, and I know what those factors are. Censequently, I don't want anyone—producer, director, screenwriser—to take these elements out. So this is why! I'm proceeding with a custome castion. I'm not leaping to done any deal. I won't, under I'm absolutely sure that the people! I'm dealing with will be able to do what lexpect from them.

Of course, I know better than to think that as a single individual I can lade control over a fall my production. No one can do that. If takes too many people with too many kinds of expertise to do it. Full do want to beauw who I'm dealing with. Again, the peculiarities that make More Than Human what if it, full has made it to popular in so many editions for some proating just don't wont them to be degreed. I want them to be in there, and until I'm sure they are in theer, I won't close my deal or the control of the control of

Is one of those conditions doing your own screenplay?
I'll do my own screenplay, or I'll do it with the director.
But I will not turn it over to anyone else.
As in the care of Kildones?

Yesh. I won't do that with More Than Human. This book has been sold twice before, you know...One was an agency caper, purely an agency caper, and it was ridiculous. Never mind the details on that one.

The other deal was rather more interesting. I had Orson Welles as a director. With Orson, I did a accemplay and two complete revisions in twenty-eight days. It was an insane piece of work. Just incredible. We worked so hard...And



then the company we were working for blew apart, and Orson disappeared. He showed up four days later, in Rome, at one of his classic wingdings.

Then I got a chance to look at the work we'd done, really look at it, and was absolutely appalled. Welles had changed it so destically it was no longer More Than Human. But he is such an overwhelming personality that you don't realize what has happened until long after he's removed his magic from the scene.

removed his magic from the scene.

I don't want to sound too strong on this, but if I ever get smether chance to work with Orson, I won't. He is just too much people. And his ideas, although they seem to be good ideas while he is around applying the charima, are not good

Lappead to see a film with the most extraordinary color Bake over seen, Inn to him and aid, "Ones, I've get to take you to see this picture! It perfect, it is incredible, see incided on the profess of the profess of

chemistry.

Just as Robert Bloch is known as the "the author of Psycho", so to many people are you known as "the author of

Sturgeon's Law", which says that ninety percent of everything is crap. Could we finish this off by explaining how all that come about?

"Actually, I called that "Sturgeon's Revelation" at first.
"Sturgeon's Law" was, "nothing is always absolutely so." I
stull like that and regard it as one of the few dependable
truths in the Universe, but it goes unnoticed. Somebody like
Jim Blish or Dannes Klught or Algis Budays got to calling
the Revelation the Law, and by now automation has set in.

"Sturgeon's Law" derived from a debate I had in the fifties (I forget where or with whom), in which my opponent stayed up all night with a copy of every book and magazine the hotel news shop could supply, and convulsed the audience with a reading of the most Godawful syntax, trite characterizations, stupid situations, bad science, mixed metaphors and flawed logic that any of us had ever seen dumped into the same basket. He then demanded that I concede that ninety percent of science fiction was crap. I had a midden rush of brains to the head and conceded the point, and then went on to explain that ninety percent of everything is crap, and was then able to make the point that S.F. has been ghettoized because of this-and ghettoized by the same people who can recognize a spectrum of excellence in, for example, the Western story, between Shane and Hopalong Cassidy, Or, in Mysteries, between Mickey Spillane and The likes of Grahame Greene and Dorothy L. Sayers.

So what you're ultimately saying is— Denied it's spectrum of excellence and damned to the shetto science fiction has done what so many ghetto survivors have done. It has grown stronger.

Paul M. Samons it a writer/product/discost with no desen documentaries and one feature film to his credit. His later film credit is as the co-accessive of Steneogypa, the first a copodaction of an interest. His later film credit is as the co-accessive film of the film of the control of the

Sammon's current projects include a stint as the Unit Publicist on Robocop 2 (opening nummer 1990) and writing a massive film reference book (to be published by Simon and Schuster in 1991) titled Blood and Rockets, the definitive guide to the best science fiction, horror and fantary films available on videoupe. He is also editing Splatterpuths, a high-profile collection of the greatest writers in this genre and a book tensitive by for a 1900 release.



CRADLE

ARTHUR C. CLARKE & GENTRY LEE, (WARNER BOOKS, 408 P, \$4.95)

HYBERD NOVELS ALWAYS CREATE THE problems of determining what strengths and weaknesses do you ascribe to which author. Pounnelle and Niven, for example have styles so similar that their joint works don't differ significantly in tone from their solo works. The Arthur CarkeyGenty Lee collaboration,

"Cradle", however is much different from Clarke's last few solo works, so is this a good Gentry Lee book, or a lazy Arthur Clarke novel?

Like a slew of other recent books and movives hitting this general theme, "Crafelic" presents an mysterious Whatsis that "crashed near Key West. A science servery and aggreenive fermale journalist gets enough wind of a stop that she heads in that direction almost as quickly head have present the server of the

The rest of the book reads like a cross between John D. MacDonald and Clarke, with a little William Gibson (in a good mood) thrown in. The heroine hires a two-man charter boat worked by a tecbnohip black writing and involved computer adventure game, and a hummed Harvard burnout still nursing a broken beart and looking for a way to even the score with some sleazy ex-partners who stole a good chunk of treasure from him. The stew also includes the trio of expartners, who can sniff that something's up, and a Navy commander who, in a subplot of no discernable intent, is an amateur actor falling for his 17 year-old co-star in a Tennessee William's play. Just to make sure be's got something to feel guilty about, the commander was also one of the flyers on a Libyan raid a couple of years back.

Here and Heroine are so obvicostly stated to fall in love that the only asspense about it is when they're going to stop bistering at each other and start getting soft and goosy about what childhood/leen traums made them the thick-thinned bastards they are today. The romance is punctuated occasionally by the plot, either

switching one of the Earth characters to some place new, or cutting to a running narration set back on G Whiz that explains what's been going on all this time from the E.T. standpoint. Although a little too derivative of "Star Trek IV". these brim with invention and are the book's best sections, although again I wish I knew whether they were mostly Clarke's or Lee's. Clarke's own style, which was never very chatty to begin with, has gotten so spare in the years since "2001" that he mostly shorthands his books anymore by having Rie Objects do Big Things, and depending on his enthusiaem, filling in the details. Clarke's last book, "2061", was such a throwaway that it seemed little more than a vehicle to float some odds and ends that are apparently needed for the next installment but wouldn't fit properly in it. "Cradle", on the other hand, is positively chatty with also a very sly and subtle strain of bureaucratic satire working in it. The ideas feel like Clarke ideas, but that Gentry Lee was the one to fill things in and couldn't resist showing off a little, so that the real stars of the book aren't the aliens or the humans but a slew of micromachines described in loving detail. No black monoliths wailing here, these placky agents come in all shapes and sizes including an all-purpose device resembling a doormat that steals the show from the people every scene it's in

In the end, it all worth out. Love trimphs. The black guy and the Navy guy get to show what good joes they are, and all the species and missions are saved with a minimal amount of jiggering, but I'm not sure it was worth 408 pages to learn this. Maybe they should have quit after the book got through with the giant

BOOK OF THE DEAD, Edited by John Skipp and Craig Spector

"What's going to come out of those people who think that Night of the Living Dead isn't enough?"

- Robert Bloch

This book is what. John Skipp and Craig Spector took an ancient fear, liberally seasoned it with tremendous writers. buried it in a coffin until the flesh was nice and ripe, and then dug it up for your latenight all-alone-with-the-lights-dimmedand-the-covers-wrapped-around-yourears reading pleasure. I picked up the anthology with a distinct gleam in my eye expecting to sink my teeth into a midnight snack of rotting flesh. I was not disappointed. Releasing a cloud of green putrescence. I slowly turned the pages to the table of contents. Sixteen tales of putrid horror from such masters in the field as Stephen King, Robert McCammon, Remsey Cambell, David Schow, and others! With an introduction by George Romero, the king of the dead, and Skipp and Spector! Wow! A veritable feast of carnotropic delight. Not even bothering to tie on a bib to keep the flesh and blood from my clothing. I began to feed.

"Blossom," by Chan McCounell, is the first corpse to drag itself from its grave. It concerns a rich man who, after he kills his date in a small game of sexual perversion, receives a big suprise and a small education in the sexual needs of the newly dead. Written in a tight, near style, "Blossom," som" shows itself to be a fine starting point for the anthology.

"Mess Hall," reads the next headstene. Richard Laymon weaves a brilliant tale about a serial killer who's victims come back to show him some good old fashinond returbution. Told from the viewpoint of his intended eighth victim, the revenge of the living dead is slow and gory. When the dead start to come after her, though, hings quickly change.

Ramey Cambell's offering to the feat is "It Helps If You Sing," giving a little not and twist to the normal dead story with voodco. Two religious zealest vagacy's reminiscent of Jehova's superinstenct of Jehova's superinstenct to tuste him into their leader's private the tuste him into their leader's private has the superinstence of the leader's private has the reministence of the leader's private him to the leader's private him to well written piece with a Twillight Zou well written piece with a Twillight Zou deading, showing that the coord gaves seen on ending, showing that the coord gaves seen on the private production of the production of the private production.

"A Sad Last Love at the Dines of the Demond" is Edward Bryma's contribution to the dead mythos. Unfortunately for me, and the rest of his fass, it is not up to his normal par. It does, however, have its moments. Likewise with "Home Delivery," by Stephen King, About a pregnant learn to sarvive and think for herself while the dead rise around her. The Brown the Brown Delivery, by the property of the Brown that the Brown the Brown the Brown that the Brown that the Brown that the Brown the Brown that the Brown the Brown the Brown the Brown the

always the ones wearing the uniforms.

too slow, a curse in stories of this type.

"Bodies and Heads," by Stove Rasnic
Tem gives a different view of zombles.
Starting as a virus, the disease quickly
spreads and mutates, causing a different
version of the walking dead in each area. It
is an interesting idea and a well written

"Choices," by Glen Vasey, "The Good Parts," by Les Datiels', and Steven R. Boyett's 'Like Pavlov's Dogs' all deserve honorable mention as being very good living dead yams. "Less Than Zombie," by Douglas Winter is an interesting story of the decadent rich's offspring, but deals only briefly with zom-

bies. Despite that, it is a very good story. "Saxophone," by Nicholas Royle, draws an interesting picture of the living and the living dead coexisting and it poses a very interesting cure for the dread discase of death. While "Saxophone" shows both coexisting, even it sensously at best, "On the Far Side of the Cadillac Deserv with Dead Folix," by Joe Landale, astory about bedmen and the bedman who humb thera, and "Dead Giveaway," by Brian Hodge, about a very entertaining game show with some enusual prizes, show that the dead will eventually outnumber the livine.

"Jerry's Kids Meet Wormboy," a brilliant offering from David Schow, is a tale conocuring a fat kid with some very urmasual appetites. As always, Schow's writing hits like the 'D' train from Hell and leaves one wishing for more.

The final gridy offering on the plate is "Eat Me," by Robert McCammon. As the blurb on the cover states is "maswers all the questions about love among the newly risen." Set in a dead singles bar and an spartment, "Eat Me" shows how one lonely couple escape an eternity of living death.

Well, that's it. The plates have been cleaned and the table cleared. Shall we have drinks? Perhaps a Bloody Mary? And then perhaps I could just have a nibble or two...

-Phil Gardner

THE WEREWOLF'S TALE by Richard Jaccoma (Fawcett)

Since Robert McCammon's next book is about a werewolf fighting the Nazis in WW Two, it intrigued me that another book using the same idea would be released just four months before How of the Wolf

Set in the New York City of 1939, the main character is a private eve named Jimmy Underhill, a world weary type written about by many other writers, particularly Ross MacDonald. While the plot is interesting, with all sorts of gremlin, ghoulies and beasties, it is sometimes offset by the portrayal of Underhill. Although he wears his sense of humanity on his sleeve, he treats virtually every woman he encounters like cheap trash. Not only does he want to have sex with snything in a skirt, he usually does, and often in the elegriest manner at his disposal. When he meets a gentle young woman and falls in love with her, we don't necessarily hope

ence

he gots the girl of his dreams. Underhill may talk about women with respect, but the manner in which he treats them be-

speaks anything but. When Underhill is bitten by a myste-

rious she welf and gains mrascolous shape-shifting powers, it only security appropriate since his animalistic side has percoprints since his animalistic side has predominated his behavior anyway. Perhaps the rough edges to Underfull! yersonality are supposed to give him character and the story gril, but he comes so to be sing more like a man child with over a catche bormones rather than a man. I did said, having him able to turn into an animal is more than appropriate.

Here we have a Nazi plot to conquer the world with he aid of the supernatural and an ones old survivor of Alantis, as well as a resurrected munmy. The ploting is swift and we meet some interesting characters stong the way, but the ending-rings like it was twisted out of shape to leave holes for the sequelenshile to drive through. An entertaining book with an advow average plots and good, stone, writing, but the juvenile sexual anitodes required to the properties of the second stone of the second secon

—James Van Hiso

BLOOD IS NOT ENOUGH edited by Ellen Datlow (William Morrow & Co.) 320 pages, hardback, \$19.95

Vampire fiction has come a long way since the days of Dracula. The monster is now our next door neighbor, or a friendly stranger on the beach, a famous model, a juvenile delinquint, a face in a dream. The rules Bram Stoker set down on paper so long ago are now being challenged, broken, or often completely ignored. The idea of vampirism, people preying on other people, whether for blood or something else, is a theme that is being taken very seriously by writers of today. Blood Is Not Emough, edited by Omni's Ellen Datlow, is a book of 17 such stories by authors who take the theme a step further then pure horror/adventure and deal with topics of survival, control, guilt, immortality, madness, loneliness and love.

A few stories in this book seem to be written merely to shock the reader. But most of them delve deeper into thecharacterization of the vampires or the victims, and give insight into a fentasy/rightmare that has obsessed millions.

The first story, "Carrion Comfort" by Dan Simmons, deals with a kind of vampire that can manipulate and control others telepathically for its own macabre pleasure by sheer force of will. These vampires coldly compare notes on the latest disasters they are responsible for. One vampire, however, discovers she is losing interest in the same of controlling others. Simmons takes the reader on an adventure of destruction, and the expected battle between sort-of-good and mostly evil, set in a city of imaginative characters and events. What makes this story unique is the writing and the characters. The vampires are monstrous in their lack of morality and feeling, but they are real people, too. The most interesting stories are the ones that show villains in sympathetic as well as antipathetic situations. It's not that they should be justified in the evils they do, it's just that if an author can gamer a little understanding for the character, the story will be all the more chilling. Simmons does that in "Carrion Comfort." Another story which shows the vam-

giet as a real person who has, throughcircumstatenes, become amonter, is A-Childed Diedenses "by SassarG super. This is about a gill whi, chough a strage disease, has come to believe she is a vampier and behaves controlling." Numpirim has become so strangely attractive in this column due to book such a furrious with A Vampire, and The Vampire Least, and the movies The Least Report Sassar Sassar Sassar All Sassar Sassar Sassar Sassar Sassar Sassar Sassar Sassar Trans. Langells "various of Devastus, but some people might end up preferring to this of themselves as wampiers inteased to

merely 'sick' or 'different.'
"To Feel Another's Woe," by Ches
Williamson deals with an emotional vampire who is an actress. The main character
in this story isn't the vampire, but is the
potential victim who makes a trasher startling decision of wanting to become a
vampire himself. Again, the affire of the

myth is strong. The temptation of power cannot be overcome.

"The Silver Collar," by Garry Kilworth, a gothic love story about a woman who will risk all to be with her vampire tower is another tale that perpetuates the lide that vampires can be designable and erotic. The writing style embodies a story within a sorry which is capite effective dramatically, and adds a sense of realism to an otherwise rather incredible experi-

Haim Ellison's story, "Try A Dull Knife," shows vargines as real, everyday people. They are people we've allment and known, the kind that clamp onto another who is perhaps a natural leader, charaster, of almost, in the hope that they can be part of such greatness. Sometimes they are called finatise, or fame. And poor Eddie Burma has nothing left to give supmers in this postic, timely account of his leaders, the contract of the

"Dirry Work," Der Cadigan, "Recurso of the Dats Vampires," by Sharea N. Father of the Dats Vampires," by Sharea N. Father and "Lazarus," by Loonal Andreys also deal with a non-literal wampire who does not necessarily suck blood, but derians the life of others around him so that he cam continue to live. "Lazarus" hy far the most humming of the group, Not only does the libiblical commodation give it as sense of supernatural realism mixed with occult belief, that it himst at the need for preparation

of life and death indicating the two were

never meant to be mixed

Stories written for shock alone, with the notorious Hitchcock twist at the end, have their place in this anthology, as well. Gahan Wilson's "The Sea Was Wet As Wet Could Be" is a bizarre interpretation of what Louis Carrol's Walrus and the Corpenter were really doing as they walked, weeping, along the sandy beach. The characters of this story have entered a twilight zone of metaphorical irony. Interesting, to say the least. Another shocker is "L'Chaim," by Harvey Jacobs, which is a short short about a victim who joins a vampire fraternity that likes to age its carefully chosen 'wines' before 'opening' them for special celebrations. It is a cold story, but its unique angle keeps it from

falling short of the more psycological horror most editors seem to prefer these days.

If you like gross (no punches pulled here) stories, "Varioose Worms," by Scott Baker is the one to read. This is about a shapeshifter/magician/shaman who uses taneworms as one means to control or drain his victims. This character, Eminescu Eliade, is so intent on trying to control his world, his future and those around him, that he never finds time to just live. His manipulations wear him out until he grows careless and ripe for revenge. Even with all the run-on sentences and complex descriptions of Paris and shamanism and the history of Eminescu's life. this novelette is probably the most original and most disgusting story in the entire anthology. If you can wade through the main character's many physical changes (not to mention the parenthetical descriptions throughout) you won't be dissapointed.

Probably the award for the most poetic, romantic story would go to Tanith Lee for her image-filled story "The Janfia Tree," about a woman who has lost all hope in life and exists in an indifferent vacuum-like mental state described antly in this line from the story. "It was all very beautiful, but one comes in time to regard mortal glamours rather as the Cathars regarded them, snares of the devil to hide the blemishes beneath, to make us love a world which will defile and betray us." Her supernatural experience will change her forever, and Lee's superb storytelling talent makes this story the reviewer's choice for personal favorite.

"Good Kida," by Edward Bryunti a a story of seemingly innocent children's actory of seemingly innocent children's conforming a vampire of extreme age and power. It's not Feb Lost Boy we related that rather a conforting tale showing that children do not always have to be vidented not not always have to be vidented not not always the stronger periods. Adults zere' it sways the stronger minder. Adults zere' it sways the stronger minder. The lesson seems to be: never underestimate the victim. Bryunt makes that perfectly clear in this interesting, very realistic experience.

Vampires have many, as yet unexplored, powers. Pritz Lieber's "The Girl With the Hungry Eyes" concerns a woman who models and instantly becomes a hit because of something in her eyes that attracts statestion. She is the advertiser's dream. You can't not look a her. Any product the sells is a guaranteed success. Can vampires contribute to society? This one does somewhat, but takes more than he gives, as it always seems to be. That is the art of wampirism, the taking...and not stocomic wall you have it all.

One story, with a reputation for its controversial nature, involves a vampire in a Nazi concentration camp during WWII. I'm not sure the controversy surrounding the story, "Down Among the Dead Men, by Gardner Dozois and Jack Dann, is about the vamoire in it. It seems that just about anything written about Nazi's and their victimization of Jews becomes controversial in itself due to the overly sensitve subject. In this story, however, the camp happens to be the setting of one vampire's home. The Nazis are invisible and the story centers on the prisoners and one man who discovers a vampire among them. Perhaps this story is too well written for some. It paints an ugly, real picture of people and their suffering which make up an uncomfortable reality we don't like to admit to, or see. And that's what vampirism is all about. If we close our eyes, it's not going to go away. Writing about it is the best cure. As Jack Dann says in his afterward to this story, "The vampire is us." That's why I like this anthology. It's about people. When we talk about varupirism, blood is definitely not enough. There's so much more to being hunter or prey than the blood that results in the contest of death.

The last two stories in this collection eres, suprisingly enough, poems. "Nocturne," by Steve Remini Erem is about a retainenship that falls. Too musch taking and not enough giving definitely fits the themse of this book. And "Time Lappe." by Ge Haldensan addresses the same themse in a poem about a father who takes the innocence, character and grivacy of his would have made a good prose story, too, but as a poem it heaves the reader moved with owing the same them.

well as any of the stories in this anthology.
You don't have to be a fan of vampires to like this book. You must be, rather,
a fan of life. If you like supernatural

realism, science fiction, fantasy, horror, gothic or mainstream literature, you will like this book. Make Way for the new vampires, a breed that is real, and as fascinating as it is unpredictable.

-Wendy Rathbone



NECROSCOPE by Brian Lumley, Tor Books, 1988, 505 pages, paperback, \$3.95.

This interesting novel, the first in a trong from Tor, is not what you might expect from Brian Lumley. While Necroscope does have its moments of Lovecraft, inspired description, its plot owes more to the technochriller than it does to the Chullus cycle. And though it's not the standard fare for Lumley. he handless this

take of supernatural cold war quite well.

The novel operu in Junuary 1977 as
Aloc Kyje, a member of a secret branch of
the British government, meaks into his
contrivation boar's office. There he is
confronted by a ghost, who happens to
know all about the agent and the section Section
Board prompts be section to tell Kyle about the
events in 1971 to 1976 that led up to his
boas' death.

With the framework established, Lumley launches into his tale of two gifted men, both of whom can communicate with the dead. In Moscow, in the service of the seeks from the dead We soon learn that Dragosani acquired his power with the help of a vampire, Thibor Ferenczy. Dragosani discovered the "old devil in the ground" when he was a boy in Romania, and the vampire still rests there, waiting to bargain for his release with the necromancer. Through Dragosani's interaction with Ferenczy. Lumley weaves a slightly new variation on the vampire theme. Specifically, Lumley postulates that vampirism is caused by an amphorous, perasitic entity that possesses a victim and turns him into a creature of the

night. Parallel to Dragosam's tale, the ghost tells the story of Harry Kooch, a young Englishman who is necroscope. Like Dragosani, Keogh can learn things from the dead, but he doesn't need to violate their corpses to communicate. He can simply talk to them. The dead, who are basically isolated in the afterlife, resent Dragosani when he more or less range them for information. On the other hand, they love Keooh. He gives them a chance to interact with other beings again.

Keech, for various reasons, is dragged into the world of international ESPionage, and a conflict with Dragosani, now a vampire, becomes inevitable.

The mix of horro and espionage in Necroscope is refreshing, and Lumley comes up with a few intriuing somarioslike ESPers who are "nuclear sensitive" keeping track of submarines and missiles for the Soviet government. However, this aspect of the novel is overwhelmed by the oppernatural plot, especially the slightly Lovecraftian vampire. The book certainly would have benefited if more time were spent on the ESPionage scenes and a little less on Dragosani's relationship with Fer-

In fact, Dragosani's character really didn't seem to merit the extensive background created for him, especially regarding his abhorrence of sex. By the end of the book, the mad Slav is really just a cliched meelomaniac, a walking obstacle for the hero to overcome. Most readers will find his ultimate fate interesting only because of the metaphysical spin Lumley puts on it. and not for any real interest in the villain

The hero, however, is a very peomisine character, and Harry Keneh certainly has the potential to be a vital protagonist in the other two books of the trilogy. While Dragosani remains a rather static villain throughout the novel, Keogh develops slowly and steadily from a beleagured schoolboy to a strong, mick-witted master of his power.

The prose in the book is sometimes rather impenetrable, and the narrative is very choppy. This is especially true in the first half of the book, when Lumley uses a large number of flashbacks to reveal how Dragosani discovered the trapped vampire. At one point during the framing tale, the mysterious phost sells Alec Kyle that · he's sorry to jump around like this" as he's relating the histories of Keogh and Dragosani. The reader will certainly feel that the apology should be directed toward him.

The second book in the trilogy, Vamphri is all ready in bookstores. The third novel should be out soon. If Lumley can develop the ESPionage aspect of the novels, balancing it more carefully with the horror plots, the trilogy could turn out to be a very interesting series. In any case, Necroscope is certainly worth a look.

-by Jim Lowder



ON STRANGER TIDES by Tim Powers (Ace)

Ace is for some reason labeling this "science fiction" rather than fantasy, even though it's clearly dark fantasy through and through. Unlike The Anabis Gates in which a 20th century man travelled into the past, everyone in this story is at home in the early 18th century setting and makes the best of it. Tim Power knows how to take his.

torical settings and turn them into highly imaginative dark fantasies. Settling on using the colorful backdrop of the days of pirates of the Caribbean for an adventure in magic is an inspired choice. The main character, John Chandagnac, goes from commoner to pirate in the best Rafael Sabatini manner. Along the way he has to deal with a pair of wizards who have a falling out, returning people from the dead to crew a pirate vessel, a stopover in Florida to visit the actual Fountain of Youth (which is in another dimension), as well as Blackbeard himself

Characterization in the story is strong and the pacing is tight and strong. Just when a scene seems like it's going on to lone, we find that we've been fulled by the auther so as not to expect the sudden turn of events which turns everything on its head. It's a story who narrative page doesn't flag from the beginning, right up to the last page, and while it's an unabashed adventure, it recalls the best of such sto. ries, recenturing the stylish sense of romance we never expected to find again in a tale of swashbuckling strangeness.

Tim Powers has carved out a niche with the historical dark fantasy and he writes them with such verve and energy that he makes the past seem rich with wonder and excitement. Under his hands the past becomes a place of mystery and amazement just as though it was an alien world rich in possibility and promise.

-James Van Hise



STREET movies. Freddy haunts people in their dreams and those people fight back,



FREDDY KRUEGER'S A NIGHT-MARE ON ELM STREET

#1

The "bastard son of a thousand maniacs" is back to wrock havon in Springwood, following the same tried and true formula established in the NIGHTMARE ON ELM with varying degrees of success, aided and abetted by artists Rich Buckler and Tony Dezuniga, although you can't tell where one ends and the other begins because the slick inking of Alfredo Alcala overpowers any artist he inks, making the work look like Alcala's own. Alcala's excellent use of black areas and his style of shading are perfectly suited to black and white horror comics. Steve Gerber makes the best of the series' metrictions and in this premiere. issue he manages to sein a tale of Freddy's two current objects of ill intent while also revealing the facts surrounding Krueger's conception (as revealed in A NIGHT MAREON ELM STREET PART THREE: DREAM WARRIORS) as well as adding never before told tales of Freddy's childhood. These are the most interesting parts of the story as Freddy's terrorizing of people in their dreams tends to get repetitious as there's only so much you can do. Gerber does come up with some fine borrific images, though, including the bodies of children tumbling out of an elevator as well as two women sinking into Freddy's brain tissue in a giant version of Krueger's head. But the last two Freddy movies, and those occasional enisodes of the TV somes which feature him in stories, tend to keep reworking the same plot, just dropping in different characters meeting different sorts of grisly conclusions at Freddy's hands. It would be nice if the comic book series at least tried to break out of the formula and tell some different kinds of stories using Kronowr and the parameters of his deadly powers.



MONSTERS ATTACK #1 &

#2

GLOBE COMMUNICATIONS

With the demise of Warren Publishing's CREEPY & EERIE, the black and white horror magazine seemed to drop from favor and the format was abundoned by comics publishers. Now suddenly several different publishers are returning to that form with new and quite different

MONSTERS ATTACK (seemingly

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inspired by the names of the "Mars Attacks" and "Dinosaurs Attack" bubblegum card series) is brought to you by the people who publish CRACKED, the only MAD magazine imitator to survive from the Fifties to today.

This is an anthology horror magazine very much in the tradition of what CREEPY & EFRIF were like and in fact uses some of



the same artists who worked for those titles, including Steve Ditko, John Severin and Gray Morrow.

The tooles are clay, but generally are not very imaginative. "The Sex Vampines From Outer Space" is about a teenage boy who is hoping to meet this all girl rock group to see if they' in real vampires. He is disappointed that they' in rob because he is a vampire himself. The Gray Morrow art is top noteb and makes the story seem better than it is.

"A Moenter For All Seasons!" by Pat Boyette starts out well when a man befriends a demon, which is forwably taken away from him by the ruleur of the kingdom who want the imp for themselves. Rather than revealing much about the demon, the story just follows to a predictable conclusion.

"Return of the Golem!" written by Moet Todd and drawn by John Severin is the best story in the issue and features the Golem legend coming to pass in World War Two Germany. The story is very effective and Severin's art maintains his usual high level of quality.

Ditko's entry is a surreal effort titled "In Solid?" about a transformed scientist who takes revenge on the man who tried to

kill him. "Weithbeard" is the strangest and most "Weithbeard" in the issue and concerns aman who has some sort of little alten moester who has some sort of little alten moester living under his hick, bushy board. It takes place during the wisster in Northern Canada ois written and dawn by the artist Renk. Tyler, who uses the pseed down "Medaman," It's both moody and frightening, with the title character being an original concept in the rather of horest.

Issue #2 leads off with a Severin cover of, who else, Freddy Krueger! It's tied to a short article in the issue. The lead story, "Aquacamivora" is

The lead story, "Aquacamivora" is drawn by Gray Morrow once again and is an adequate little story about carnivorous mermaids.

Bhob Stewart, whose well written articles and interviews have appeared in numerous publications over the years, chroeicles the career of painter Norman Saunders, whose work is best known to fans from the paintings he did for the "Mars Attacks"

bubblegum card series in the early Sixties.

Two classic (and public domain) herrer stories are adapted in this issue. They're
Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado!" and
Lowersti's "The Deteider."

Ditko provides another oddfull science fiction entry while the final lot is once again occupied by a very weird story by Madman called "Abra Gadweza." Mad man hasn't received a lot of recognition aithough be does do some very individual and original work. His so to black & white comic LUNATIC BINGE was reviewed in MIDNIGHT GRAFFIT #1 and we spoke highly of more for the work on dividual where.

In just two issues, MONSTERS AT-TACKI has demonstrated a definite focus and sense of itself as the stories form an interesting cross-section of talent and variety. Although priced at \$1.49 makes it looks like an El Cheapo monster magazine, it definitely has work to recommend it.



HORROR: THE ILLUS-TRATED BOOK OF FEARS

NORTHSTAR PUBLISHING

Although originally announced as a color comic, this too has emerged simultaneously with the other new black and white magazines and it doesn't suffer for the lack of promised color.

of promised color.

The lead story, "Timed Exposure," is written by Richard Christian Matheson and is the kind of eerie psychological horror tale that he excells in. The artwork by Mark Bernal is adequate if a bit amateurish.

Vincent Locke's art on Paul Dale Anderson's "Bug House" is excellent, though, and perfectly captures every element of the story. Locke is best known for his work on the Deadworld comic book series.

"The Crushing Death" by Bob Weinberg and Gary McCluskey is an interesting story marred by having two pages printed out of order. This is one of those production problems which bedevil writers. I should

know as I've had it happen to me. "Perhaps, Dreamed by Many" by Monty Sheldon is a very surreal story which achieves its intent of reproducing the visual impact of a nightmare

The long est story in the issue is also the best, because it takes advantage of the extra length to develop the character and tell an interesting tale. "And of Gideon" written by Mort Castle and drawn by Mark Bernal & Gary McClusk runs 28 pages but tells the life story of a serial killer in chilling psychological detail. The artwork is a bit on the fannish side, as though we're seeing the art of someone who'll be doing some interesting work a couple years from now, but at this point the inking by McClusk is not as good as the draftsmanship of Bernal. The only other annoying aspect of the story is that the typesetting in the captions tends to change in size depending on how much room the text in the caption has to fill. The hand lettering in the word balloons is thus iarring in contrast because it introduces a third typeface style, plus the hand lettering is a bit on the crude side. And yet the story is strong enough to overcome these produc-

tion problems and works in spite of them. This premiere issue shows a magazine with a lot of promise and which, while an anthology horror comic, has a distinctly different approach than that found in MONSTERS ATTACK! and an identity all its own. This is one worth watching and I hope it continues.



THE BLADESMEN BOOK ONE BLUE COMET PRESS

It's back to normal sized comics with

this 36 page R&W sword & sorcery comic-This comic introduces The Bladesmen and features a single story titled "A Gathering Of Hawks" and deals with the finest warrior from each of four kingdoms chosen to battle the might of an evil witch. With the secret help of another wizard they defeat her in a very standard 17 page story. Even the climax is predictable and occupies less than 2 pages even though this is what everything was building up to. The main problem lies in the lack of space allotted for plot development as the rest of the book consists of pinups of the main characters rendered by various artists. Considering these characters were only just introduced and haven't done enough to endear us to them, a dozen nages of pin-ups of them is really outting the cast before the horse. While this is something done periodically in Marvel Fanfare. at least there it's with characters who have been around a couple decades and have stood the industry test of time and have actually developed a following who would want to see such a gallery of illustrations. It's a bit early to presume that The Bladesmen have such an easer horde of fans.

The best art in the issue is a very nice color rendering by Steven Hughes on the back cover. The front cover, also by Hughes. is less effective as the rendering of the witch is a victim of amateur anatomy as her breasts are practually the size of basketballs, a sure





PREDATOR #1 (of 4)

DARK HORSE COMICS

This color comic is a spin-off of the science fiction hit of the numeror of *88. Duch Schnefer (the character played in the fifth by Amod Schwarzenegerp; is absent and instead we have his brother. This is probably because I wannish to Enthury Fox would like to make a requel to PREDATOR went though Amod bas gone on the record in recent years against doing sequels, prefering to move on to new territors.

And so we have Duch Schnefer's botther, a New York City police detective who keeps coming up against strange massacres (as opposed to ordinary massacres) in which some of the victims have been strung up by their feet and skinned. One massacres is of a gang of drug dealers, but the other is of a subway car full of yuppies. It's clear that the Army knows what's going on and there's a scene indicating that Dutch

Schaefer disappeared after his foray into

Central America.

The script by Mark Verheiden is much more tight and to the point than his plot in the ALIENS B&W mini-series, and the writing and the dialogue move the story along swiftly with just the right associates of

tension and susponse. The art by Christ Warner and Sam de la Rosa, and the coloration by Christ Children, and Loombies to form a perfect synthem and and an expension of a four-time of the coloration of a four-time of the coloration of the colorat

age of entertainment.



WEREWOLF AT LARGE #1

ETERNITY COMICS

There's been a resurgence of interest in werewolves in the genre lately, what with various novels featuring them as well as the short-lived TV series of two seasons back. But unlike the traditional tales of werewolves, this comic is an keeping with the other more contemporary approaches which feature the lycanthrope as the unlikely hero.

"The Monster and Martin Cross" introduces the title character and his alter-ego in a story whiten by S.A. Bennett and pencilled and inked by John Ross and Mike Roberts. There's some awkward pusela here and there in this B&W comic, but overall the art is pretty good and the inking by Mike Roberts makes good use of the black & white comic book forms.

Our friendly werewolf is introduced as a good guy up front when he saves a little girl from a child molester, and later rescues a lady reporter. Casey Casternak, from a gang of Satanists. This sets up the series as we meet Martin Cross, who can change into a werewolf at will, and his psychic grandmother. The grandmother, one Marta Monrovich, is very casual about all this, perhaps too casual for the reporter. In a very realistic scene the reporter comes to decide that this is all ton much and these people must be nuts while Martin is undressing in the next room so that he can demonstrate his shape-shifting power. Casey takes a powder, not wanting to stick around to watch Martin in the buff. She quickly learns the error of her ways.

Although it's not explained what the significance of it is, the "Next Issue" page features an illustration of the weeewolf in front of a full moon, rendered by Tim Vigil. It's a very nice illustration but whether it means Vigil will be doing any further art in the second issue in it's revealed.

The story and art are better than average and this is a title worth following to see how it develops.

LAST KISS

BY JOHN WATERS ECLIPSE

This B&W 52 page centric is a showcase of the work of British artist John Watkins. His style is one of fluid, inky grace making much of contrasting blacks and whites. In some respects his work resembles that of Aldem Mevilliams in it grace and flow of the pen and the style of inking. But it still petalian a definite individuality and a lot of dramatic cinematic touches such as using angles which emphasize the context of the characters in a setting or landscape which dwarfs them, particularly in "The Scarrecow"

The stories are interesting but are more sedate than the more frenetic type of horror that American reders tend to expect. Monsters are not the subjects or objects of these tales ao much as cruel fates and forces beyond mus's meagre control or understanding.

Two adaptations are Poe's "The Black Cat" and D.H. Lawrence's "The Rocking



Horse Winner," both very different kinds of stories which nonetheless emphasize the inescapable inevitability of fate.

The one story which steps far apart from the others is "April's Fool," a metaphorical tale which satirizes the arbitrary nature of a ruling elite.

"Kiss & Tell," a two page interview which earlist, demonstrates that artists are sometimes best seen and not heard. Here the 26 year old artist voices arrogant opinions sure to one day make him wince, such as completely dismissing the entire artistic outset of Hal Foster.

But such lapses aside, Watkiss remains an interesting artist and one can hope that more of his work will make it across to North American shores ©A LIENS

ALIENS #1 (OF 4)

No, this is not the same issue we reviewed back in M.G. #2. Rather this is a color follow-up, the first issue of a second ALIENS mini-series which picks up precisely where issue #6 of the recently completed B&W series left off.

Written by Mark Verheiden, the story involves Newt and Hicks as the sole human survivors on a spacecraft returning from the alien homeworld. Along the way they have to fight off three of the monsters who are aboard ship. It's an effective little thriller with only one lapse of logic near the end. When Newt is examining the exterior of the craft, she encounters an alien hiding inside one of the rocket engine tubes and only just manages to clear it before the tube is activated to crisp the alien. The only problem is that Newt, while clear of the direct end of the tube, is so close that she stiff would have been fried. It may just be that the artist needed to draw her that close to fit her in the drawing. Call it artistic license. The movies

certainly have their share of that.

The painted art by Denis Beauvais is quite lovely, doing for the series in color what Mark Nelson did for it in black and white. The work is really exquisite and in

much more painted comic strip art than most of the attempts at this approach taken by Marvel & D.C. comics.

Try it. You'll like it.



CALIBER PRESENTS #1-3

CALIBER PRESS

This black and white series of anthology comics has quite a variety of material. While it's of a hit and miss quality, it at least tries to present some different short strips and is similar in approach to the DARK HORSE PRESENTS authology series.

In the first issue, the least dotry (which

is a serial constituting in each is used; tenses is a serial constituting in each is used; in "Heart Of Durkness." This swood and soccery story is written and drawn by Tim Viggl (a rightly popular artist in B&W comics these days) and inked by Tim Tyler. The story is your typical barbarian swordsman fights black magic series with Vigil giving bimself lots of interesting images to draw. The writing is parashle but none of it is memorable. We not to feel like we've sen it all before and

only Vigil's art makes it pleasant to see

again The second story, "The Crow" by Jim O'Barr is a weird interlude in which a bizarre character who looks like a vampire street-mime encounters a burly burgler and proceeds to terrorize the man. The thief stabs the man, who blends but it otherwise untroubled by the wound. The stranger warms the thief to tell them he's coming, but who he is and who is supposed to be told that he's coming remains unclear. It's still a damned effective story both because of the art and because it's truly weird. The restraint in this story has more power than the graphic violence of many other tale told these days in comics.

"Thrill Kill" by Mark Winfrey is the beginning of another serial about an alien world established as a prison world in spite of it already being inhabited, and the people there don't like it that the denizone of the galaxy and being dumped in their front yard. The first three installments of this just set up what is joing on and who the warning factions are without advancing the plot year far, it's on obex SP series.

"lo" by the Barbed Ware Halo Studios is lone on visitals and storytelline style and short on information. Appearone in issues one and three, it appears to be some sort of futuristic Vietnam type of jungle war story with high tech used for hand-to-band combat. The mixture of high-tech (futuristic guns and tanks) and low-tech (20th century style combat uniforms and no apparent body armor) tends to seew the logic behind the technology. We also have no idea what's mally eoing on other than that it's Commies versus Yankees. Even one of the main characters, a cyborg with a mohawk haircut. is introduced with no background, but then neither is anyone else introduced with an explanation. We're apparently supposed to be impressed with the down and-dirty warfare graphics and how everything blows up real good.

The story is fine from a graphics point of view, but if we're supposed to read a story one must be given enough information to that we can follow it and logically understand what's going on. Otherwise it becomes a comic book equivalent of a mindless special effects film.

Issue two has a couple interesting oneshot tales, including a "Deadworld" interlude by Vincent Locke which is very much in the style and approach used in the backup stories currently remaing in the Deadworld come book. Some human characters are introduced who are introduced to and
wasted by some of the zombie characters who appear in the regular series. It's an
interesting study of people facing death.
Locke's art is an individual and entertaining

M

as ever.

The lead story, "Gideon's" by Kyle
Garrett and Jim'OBarr, is about a kid who's
actually a 200 year old vampire. He wases
the curse lifted for a few years so that he can
grow to manhood before returning to his immortal ways. Guess what happens as soon
as he's mortal again?

There's some other interesting miscellaneous stories as well as a short preview in each issue of one of Calibre's other titles with an except from the story in the spot-

with an exceept from the story in the spotlight.

It's an interesting series. Uneven in quality, perhaps, but interesting nonethe-



PROGENY CALIBER PRESS

This 90 page black & white graphic novel is written and drawn by J. Calaflore and tells an interesting story about a police detective who discovers evidence of a demon loose on earth. It's a very dark and fatalistic story but told in a straightforward fashion which remindst one of the movie Angel

S

Heart.

The style of art makes insteresting use of shading and shadow even though the traching of Lone is conceiline stiff and awk-ching of Lone is conceiline stiff and awk-ching of Lone is consentiated to the state of the sta

Reading this one gets the sensation of seeing a good, low-badge herored firm where the pacing never slackens and the story moves with a sense in inaccordade and un-moves with a sense in inaccordade and un-moves with a sense in inaccordade and un-moves with a sense in inaccordade and under the sense of t

A very interesting touch is a small subplot involving a man contemplating suicide and trying to build up his courses to carry out the act. While this sidebar to the story doesn't contribute anything directly to the plot, it does contribute a sense of impending death which underscores the darkness already existing in the story. This approach is more what one would commonly expect to find in a prose novel rather than a comic book story as it is not visually important but does enhance the mood of the story. The subplot even forms the period to the end of the larger story, having an effect much like the slamming of a door in an empty house when you thought you were alone. It's quite good and adds to the overall effectiveness of the parrative. There's nothing here that will revolutionize the form or shake up the genre, but it is a good horror story well told.



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that sucker out pronto! Or my name Isn't Roy! (it isn't but I just saw Die Hard
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INVESTOR OF THE STATE OF THE STA

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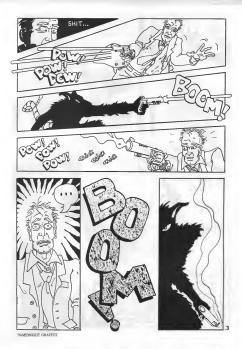


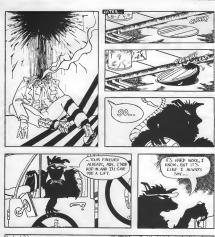
















WHAT THEY SAID

Dear Jim.

Thanks for the cepy of Midnight Graffiti #2. It's a sturring looking magazine, and I'll look forward to seeing feature issues. The cover of #2 is gorgeous, especially your logo. Production values throughout are very high.

I haven't read much of the fliction in 82 ye, but 1 did get to most of the features and the Book of the Dead excerpts. Ruther than a fection magazine, 1 de all MO a testal media magazine. It's a maxwelous approach you have, and with the demine of T.Z. I imagine you will benefit by plotting up a lot of it's readers. I was never particularly whilefulled with TZ, cover read it regulately. MO I goodal read regulately, and bope to do no.

Best, Mark Rainey Publisher/Editor Deathrealm Magazine

Dear Jessie and James.

Issue 83 of Midnight Graffiti was, a usual, excellence relation. It is uncommon to fluid such a high standard of theremer and set is one magazine, but to maintain a consistently high standards of the standard and consistent and set of the standard of the standard high standard and particular the standard and but the standard standard and with a seeme of humes both self-efficient gard set-freshingly bizzare (se evidenced in your "From Beyord," Flueditions", and "Humon" sections, Is a feat both admirable and projectoworthy.

You have my undivided attention. Long may you run.

> Best wishes Dorman T. Shindler Grafton, MA.

> (Thank you. - Ed.)

WHAT THEY MEANT

...too many articles.

...not enough fiction.

... I don't see what's so funny.

...I don't know why you guys don't print on slick paper.

... Stephen King never sent us a story.

...I guess it's the best I can do since Twilight Zone folded.

...if typos were an art, you'd be Picasso.

COMING NEXT ISSUE

COMING NEXT ISSUE PSYCHOS STORIES BY

MICK GARRIS K.W. JETER

THE JERSEY DEVIL ED GEIN: IN THE FLESH AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

Dear Jessie and James,

Loved your spring 1989 issue highlighting Stephen King. Although I'm a big fan of his What attracted me to your magazine was the excellent story "Sweet Pea" by Rex Miller. This goy's fantastie! Where has been hiding?

Please keep up the wonderful work you are doing for this genre. Good material like your magazine is what belps this country realize that Horror is here to stary!

> Sincerely Bob Kratz, Jr. Allentown, PA

Dear Jessie and James,

Congratulations on your first issue of Midnight Graffini. It's excellent! Your magazine is <u>different</u> from everyone else's and whit's what it takes to be successful originality.

> Best wishes, Ann Stevenson Night Winds Books Kamas City, MO

Dear People at Midnight Graffiti,

Just wanted to drop a note to you raying I thought your first issue was great. Better then you made it sound. I can't walt till the next. Thanks & stay well.

> Good luck, Nicholas Caudeloui Treaton NJ

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